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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

IF GOD HAD KNOWN.

If God had known,
 In the long, starless night,
 Before the first dawn shed
 Its gleam on cloud and wave in chaos
 rolled,
 That one—a child—an instant's winged
 gold,
 Should for her body's hunger thus be
 sold;
 O, would He then have said,
 "Let There Be Light?"

If God had known,
 Before His dream gave birth
 To moon and star, flame-swayed,
 How this frail lad, chained far from
 cloud and sky,
 Should for his song in darkening shad-
 ows die,
 A lad of wind and light, with laughing
 eye,
 O, would God then have made
 The fruitful earth?

If He had known,
 When in the seething murk
 He bound the waters wild,
 And hung the sky before Him for a veil,
 Two souls should yearn and catch a
 glimpse and fail.
 Wait in the gray till passion had grown
 stale,
 O, would He then have smiled
 Upon His work?

Hortense Flepner.

The Bookman.

QUESTIONS.

When Life and the Light of desires,
 And the Flame of them flickers and
 ends—
 Is it a sigh that expires,
 Or a Soul that ascends?

Is it only the mist of a breath
 As it fades on the mirror of things?
 Is it the smile that is Death?—
 Or a thrilling of wings

As they conquer their bars and can
 range
 Ministrant and supreme through the
 spheres?—

Were they ever the captives of change
 Or the slaves of the years?

Walter Sichel.

The Westminster Gazette.

TO THE WRITER OF "CHRIST IN
FLANDERS."*

On the battlefields of Flanders men
 have blessed you in their pain;
 For you told us Who was with us, and
 your words were not in vain.

All you said was very gentle, but we
 felt you knew our ways;
 And we tried to find the Footprints we
 had missed in other days.

When we found Those blood-stained
 Footsteps, we have followed to the
 End;

For we know that only Death can show
 the features of our Friend.

In the Mansions of the Master, He will
 make the meaning plain
 Of the battlefields of Flanders, of the
 Crucifix of Pain.

E. M. V.

The Spectator.

WHITHER GOES THE MUSIC?

Whither goes the music when the
 player ceases?
 Unto what hidden glade
 By jealous willows made?
 What heaven of April skies
 To which each note doth rise
 Lighter than any wind that sings and
 flies?

Whither goes the music when the
 player ceases?
 His finger has quitted the strings,
 But still it sails and it sings;
 Into far fields where children stray,
 Deep dream-meadows of heavenly
 play
 On a frail lost wind is it borne away?

R. D. Ince.

*THE LIVING AGE, Dec. 8, 1915.

A FUTURE MACHINERY OF PEACE.

I

By common consent we call the struggle which is now being fought out in three continents a "World-War." We are even apt to think of it as something which has had no parallel in the past. Certainly never before was slaughter on such a scale, and never were such masses of men engaged; but neither in its probable duration, nor in its approach to universality, can the present conflict compare with that which ended at Waterloo. The Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars lasted, with two brief intervals, for over twenty years; the present struggle can hardly last for a fourth of that time. Of the countries now engaged in hostilities every one, except Japan, was at war in the early years of the last century. Then consider the case of the Powers which are neutral today. The United States of America, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Switzerland, Greece and Denmark were all, at one period or other, involved in what our fathers knew as the Great War. It is not wonderful, therefore, to find that when peace came at last, statesmen began to plan for the beginning of a new and happier time, and peoples to grope and feel out for some system which should banish the horrors of war from the world. It is worth while to consider for a moment what those blind hopes came to, and why they failed.

Before "the sun of Austerlitz" had risen, the Tsar Alexander had approached Great Britain with proposals which, after Waterloo, ripened into the Holy Alliance. That strange concert of the Great Powers at the outset was quite free from reactionary tendencies. Directed primarily against France, as the powder-magazine of

Europe, it was avowedly a league of sovereigns pledged to govern in accordance with the principles of the Gospel of Christ—the kings were to regard each other as brothers, and their peoples as their children. In a letter to Count Lieven, his ambassador in London, the Tsar declared that "the sole and exclusive object of the Alliance can only be the maintenance of peace and the union of all the moral interests of the peoples which Divine Providence has been pleased to unite under the banner of the Cross." And the Alliance proposed to secure the peace of the world by jointly guaranteeing to each Power the territories assigned to it by the Congress of Vienna. In other words, the object of the Alliance was to perpetuate peace on the basis of the *status quo*.

With all their thoughts colored by recollections of the French Revolution, it is not surprising that some of the assembled sovereigns thought that the danger to France was quite as likely to come from internal commotions as from national greed, or dynastic quarrels. Then came the idea of what we should now call "a preventive war." To the league of the kings it seemed clearly their duty to nip any revolutionary movement in the bud as quickly as possible. As early as 1818 we find Castlereagh warning the British Cabinet as to this danger to the liberties of nations. He reports that the Tsar and his Minister, Capo d'Istria, "were, in conversation, disposed to push their ideas very far indeed, in the sense of all the Powers of Europe being bound together in a common league, guaranteeing to each other the existing order of things, in thrones as well as in territories, all being bound to march, if requisite, against the first Power that offended,

either by her ambition or her revolutionary transgressions." Two years later when Great Britain was getting restive and, indeed, thoroughly alarmed at the Absolutist tendencies of the Alliance, Russia, Austria and Prussia signed the famous Protocol of Troppau, which laid down the principle of intervention in the case of revolutionary movements, in these words:

States which have undergone a change of government due to revolution, the results of which threaten other States, *ipso facto*, cease to be members of the European Alliance, and remain excluded from it until their situation gives guarantees for legal order and stability. If, owing to such alterations, immediate danger threatens other States, the Powers bind themselves, by peaceful means, or if need be by arms, to bring back the guilty State into the bosom of the Great Alliance.

It is unnecessary to trace in detail how the rift within the lute gradually widened. For England, the breaking point was reached when, in 1822, France, under the guidance of Chateaubriand and as the instrument of the Alliance, invaded Spain to crush the Liberal movement, and restore the power of the Bourbons. Canning ended the negotiations with the words: "England is under no obligation to interfere, or to assist in interfering, in the internal concerns of independent nations." He went on to say that, as he understood them, England's engagements "had reference wholly to the state of territorial possession settled at the peace." The Alliance might have survived the defection of Great Britain, and it seemed strengthened by the easy success of the campaign in behalf of Ferdinand VII, but it was terribly shaken by the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, which twice emptied the throne of France. The marching of the Russian armies into Hungary in 1849, in the interests

of the House of Hapsburg, may be regarded as the last fruits of the Alliance. Its final collapse was due to what the Tsar Nicholas regarded as his betrayal by Austria at the time of the Crimean War.

Even if all the Powers who were parties to the Alliance had accepted the limitation upon their common activities implied in Canning's words, it is not difficult to see that the arrangement as a permanent instrument for peace must, in any case, have failed. It was an attempt to consecrate the international *status quo* in a world of flux and change. Even if all the nations had been happy and contented with their lot at the outset the result would have been the same in the long run. With peoples, as with individuals, growth and development are among the conditions of life. And when the nations progress unequally, the weak become a temptation to the strong. We have demands for "places in the sun," and talk of the right of expansion. Indeed, if we look back over the history of the world we shall find that changes of population have been the most constant and most fundamental of all the causes of war. We see this cause at work in its crudest form in the pages of the *De Bello Gallico*; and if we turn to the recent report of the evidence given before the Commission appointed to inquire as to "the causes and effects of the decline of the birth-rate" we see how the same cause works to the same results under modern conditions.* One witness said "Professor Karl Pearson has argued that the reason why Germany made her 'preventive war' this year was that the future increase in Russia would overwhelm her. The increase in Russia is over two millions annually." The same witness went on to say: "Germany's argument as

*Page 420. *The Decline of the Birth-rate.* Chapman and Hall.

against France, with its stationary population, is, 'We have a biological right to those French colonies! The increase in the population of the German Empire is nearly a million a year.' Germany is here represented as making "preventive war" on Russia because its population grows so quickly, and an aggressive war on France because the population grows so slowly.

The contrast between Japan, where the people are crowding each other to the water-edge, and the almost empty continent of Australia, suggests that even under the Southern Cross that question of the filling and refilling of the cradle may some day be intimately bound up with the question of the world's peace. The United States joins hands with the British Dominions in passing legislation which discriminates against the Asiatic and in favor of the European and the African immigrant—and the close-packed millions of China may some day begin to wonder why. But there are other changes beside those of population which, as part of the law of growth and life, condemn to futility all attempts to secure peace by trying to stereotype international arrangements happening to be satisfactory for the moment. Changes in comparative wealth, or the sudden development of an industrial system, or the work of a new national consciousness, may give rise to desires and aspirations which no regard for the *status quo* or ancient conventions will permanently control—they must be met by concession or faced by force. And the task which the Holy Alliance found beyond its strength would be still more difficult today. In the early years of the last century "the sacred principle of nationality" was only beginning to be recognized. Mr. W. P. Phillips, in his excellent monograph on the Confederation of Europe,

speaking of this period, says: "The principle of nationality was to become, as it still is, the main obstacle to any realization of the vision of perpetual peace." He goes on to point out that for statesmen of the school of Metternich, a "nation" was merely the aggregate of the people bound together by allegiance to a common sovereign. In that sense, Austria and Switzerland are nations as truly as England and France. Clearly the modern concept of nationality, as something ineradicable and in the blood, raises far more difficult and intractable questions.

Happily, there is some reason to think that in the near future this principle of nationality—nationality based on ethnic groups—will become a less fruitful source of trouble than it has been in the recent past. The growing facilities for communication, the habit of travel, the removal of all restrictions on immigration, and, above all, what is going on before our eyes across the Atlantic all tend to weaken the sense of nationality in its modern and restricted sense. For we are assisting at the birth of new nations. Men of all races leave the old world to seek their fortunes in the new, and in a few years are proud of a new allegiance and a new patriotism. Whether we speak of America as "the melting pot" of the world, or prefer to think of it as "the great Crucible of God," the result is the same. There is a great object lesson, the significance of which none can mistake; certainly no one who has just renounced one nationality and assumed another—or lives in a community in which such changes are taken for granted—can reasonably regard the principle of nationality as at once "sacred and immutable." It may be said that when the immigrants from Europe have been in the crucible for a sufficient time they acquire a new nationality, and be-

come good Americans. Of course that is so, but the new nationality has nothing to do with ethnic or racial considerations. It is based upon a common allegiance and a common pride in the Republic. In fact we get back very near to Metternich's conception of a nation—an aggregate of the people who live in the same country and acknowledge a common allegiance. When that conception of nationality becomes general—when nationality is thought of no longer as something inherent and eternal, but as a thing to be assumed and renounced at will—the prospects of the world's peace will become appreciably brighter.

But while we recognize that the Holy Alliance carried in its very constitution seeds which were bound to ripen into failure, and that its attempt to fit growing organisms into iron cases could not permanently succeed, we need not think of it hardly. Its authors meant well—much better than is generally believed—and while it lasted it did some good: it kept the peace for a few years, and on several occasions, acting as a sort of court of appeal, settled questions which might easily have led to strife; and, above all, it established a tradition, the force of which is still unspent. It is quite certain, for instance, that it was the inspiration of the program of the Holy Alliance which led the Tsar Nicholas II to issue the famous rescript which resulted in the First Hague Convention.

It cannot be said of the proceedings of The Hague that they failed because they attempted too much. They laid down rules of good conduct, and tried to make the ways of war humane, but the regulations they framed, unlike those of the Holy Alliance, had no sanction of force behind them. Machinery was provided for arbitration and for mediation between contending Powers, and in several cases, notably in the Dogger Bank incident in 1904,

the work of The Hague has helped to remove friction and to promote the cause of international peace. In other words, disputes which were not thought worth a war, but which might have led to trouble, have proved amenable to the Hague treatment. But to see how useless that treatment has been when graver causes of quarrel were concerned, we have only to recall the names of some of the wars which have been waged since the date of the First Hague Convention. Since 1899 we have seen the Boer War, the Boxer Rising in China, the Russian-Japanese War, Italy's War with Turkey, the two Balkan Wars, and now the European War. The Powers which signed the Second Hague Convention in 1907 made no absolute pledge to seek mediation before going to war. They declared that being "animated by a strong desire to concert for the maintenance of a general peace" and "desirous of extending the empire of law and of strengthening the application of international justice," they agreed "with a view to obviating as far as possible recourse to force in relations between States," they would (*inter alia*), "in case of serious disagreement or dispute, before an appeal to arms, have recourse, as far as circumstances would allow, to the good offices and mediation of one or more friendly Powers." The clause "as far as circumstances allow" has proved fatal—circumstances have never allowed.

When, at the beginning of the present troubles, Austria presented her ultimatum to Serbia, she insisted that her eleven demands—all offensive and humiliating to a Sovereign State—should be accepted within forty eight hours. Serbia accepted eight of the demands without a murmur, proposed slight modifications in two others, and even in declining one, which was clearly incompatible

with her position as an independent State, offered to accept the mediation of the Powers or a reference to the Hague Tribunal. Austria's answer was an immediate declaration of war. A few days later the Tsar made the last effort for peace, when he also offered a reference to The Hague—but circumstances would not allow. Germany was ready for her tiger-spring at the throat of France, and no delay was wanted. Direct breach of the rules of the Hague Conventions have, in fact, been almost continuous since the day when the German troops first violated the frontiers of Belgium. It was thought the greatest achievement of the Hague Conference of 1907 that it emphatically vindicated the right of the little nations to live their lives without interference. The following articles are as explicit as words can make them:

Article I: "The territory of neutral Powers is inviolable."

Article II: "Belligerents are forbidden to move troops and convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral Power."

Article III: "The fact of a neutral Power resisting, even by force, attempts to violate its neutrality, cannot be regarded as a hostile act."

Germany signed that convention.

The rules laid down at The Hague have since been violated by the sowing of mines indiscriminately upon the high seas; by the bombardment of defenseless cities from the sea; by the dropping of bombs on sleeping villages; by the use of poisonous gas; by the sinking of merchant vessels, and Atlantic liners crowded with women and children, and even hospital ships; and by the wholesale deportations of the civilian population from the parts of France and Belgium in the occupation of the invader. And in the face of these continued violations of accepted international law, not one neutral Power

has even whispered a protest. In Europe they are all weaklings, and the policy of "frightfulness" in Belgium and Serbia has taught them a terrible lesson. The United States stands in a different category. A country with a population of a hundred millions of the most energetic and virile people in the world need not be concerned about the wrath of the Kaiser. The difficulties there are internal—in the divided sympathies of the people, in the presence of numbers of hyphenated citizens, and the long tradition which warns the nation against entangling itself in the affairs of Europe. Mr. Roosevelt, in the *New York Times*, has put his views on record:

After noting that the United States were parties to the international code created in the regulations annexed to the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, he used these words: "As President, acting on behalf of this Government and in accordance with the unanimous wish of our people, I ordered the signature of the United States to these Conventions. Most emphatically I would not have permitted such a farce to have gone through if it had entered my head that this Government would not consider itself bound to do all it could to see that the regulations to which it made itself a party were actually observed when the necessity for their observance arose. I cannot imagine any sensible nation thinking it worth while to sign future Hague Conventions if even such a powerful neutral as the United States does not care enough about them to protest against their open breach."

II

And yet it is to America that we must look for the sanest and simplest plan yet devised for the permanent keeping of the world's peace. Since the present war began, a new treaty has been concluded between Great

Britain and the United States which, while quite limited in its scope and immediate aims, seems to contain the germs of an arrangement which shall effect what the Holy Alliance and the Hague Conventions have in turn failed to achieve. Signed in Washington in September, 1914, and ratified in the following November, this treaty is one of a group of similar agreements made between the United States and France, Spain, Italy, and a number of South American States. Negotiated by Mr. Bryan, these treaties in no way claim to make war impossible. They aim at securing "a cooling-off" period—a time for wiser counsels and second thoughts. The contracting parties agree that all disputes—without any exception for vital interests, or questions of national honor—shall, when diplomatic methods of adjustment have failed, be referred for investigation and report to a Permanent International Commission, and "they agree not to declare war or begin hostilities during such investigation and before the report is submitted." When the investigation is complete, and the report has been submitted, both parties at once resume their liberty of action, and may go to war if they please. The International Commission, which is to be composed of five members, is to be appointed as follows:

One member shall be chosen from each country by the Government thereof; one member shall be chosen by each Government from some third country; the fifth member shall be chosen by common agreement between the two Governments, it being understood that he shall not be a citizen of either country.

The Commission is required to complete its report within a year after the date on which it shall declare its investigation to have begun.

Considered as an instrument for preserving the peace between such countries as England and the United States, this treaty seems likely to be of great value. It rules out the only real danger, the danger of a war due to some sudden gust of popular passion. That either Power would disregard the treaty, or plan a war in cold blood, is in the last degree unlikely. It is a hundred years now since the two English-speaking Powers agreed that neither should have armed vessels on the great lakes or erect fortifications anywhere along the international frontier which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There have been times of stress and strain and bitterness between the two peoples, but that treaty has been faithfully kept. But when we go on to consider whether an extension of the treaties associated with the name of Mr. Bryan to all the Powers would supply a sufficient guarantee for the world's peace, we at once come up against an obvious difficulty. If such a treaty had been in force between France and Germany in the early summer of 1914, would Germany, already armed to the teeth and ready to spring, have been willing to allow France a respite of a year in which to prepare? The question answers itself. No new treaty could be more solemn or binding than the one by which Germany was pledged to respect and safeguard the independence and neutrality of Belgium. Yet, what happened? The treaty was broken because Germany was in a hurry, and its violation was dismissed and explained as a thing of State necessity. The German Chancellor, speaking in the Reichstag said:

Gentlemen, we are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law! Our troops have occupied Luxemburg,

and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law. It is true that the French Government has declared at Brussels that France is willing to respect the neutrality of Belgium as long as her opponent respects it. We knew, however, that France stood ready for the invasion. France could wait, but we could not wait. A French movement upon our flank upon the lower Rhine might have been disastrous.

Herr von Jagow, speaking to the British Ambassador in Berlin, said the same thing:

That they had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations and endeavor to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life and death for them, as if they had gone by the more southern route they could not have hoped, in view of the paucity of roads and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition, entailing great loss of time. This loss of time would have meant time gained by the Russians for bringing up their troops to the German frontier.

This is the plea of the midnight burglar who, disturbed at his work, puts a knife across the throat of an awakened child because silence is "a matter of life or death." Only there is this difference in favor of the burglar, that he was not specifically pledged by bond to protect the child he assassinated. It was a military advantage for the Germans to avoid the line of the French fortresses; they wanted to strike at France upon her undefended side, on the frontier where she was defended only by a treaty; and so, as time was precious, the neutrality of Belgium was disregarded.

Happily for the cause of peace, its friends in America are quite ready to look facts in the face, even such facts

as these, and already a new league, "a League to enforce Peace," has been formed under the leadership of ex-President Taft. This new league is not concerned with the present struggle, but hopes, when peace is restored, to make future wars more difficult. It adopts the general scheme of the Bryan treaties, but seeks to add to them the sanction of international force. The nations are to be invited to become parties to a treaty consisting of the following clauses:

First: All justiciable questions arising between the signatory Powers, not settled by negotiation, shall, subject to the limitations of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment, both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question.

Second: All other questions arising between the signatories, and not settled by negotiation, shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation.

Third: The signatory Powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories, before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing.

Fourth: Conferences between the signatory Powers shall be held from time to time to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall thereafter govern in the decisions of the Judicial Tribunal mentioned in Article One.

The first two clauses need not detain us. They are similar in their general character to the provisions of the existing Bryan treaties. There might be some difficulty in deciding what causes are "justiciable" and so proper to be decided by a judicial tribunal in accordance with the recog-

nized principles of law and equity. Mr. Taft himself has suggested that the rules excluding the Japanese and Chinese from the North American continent belong to the class of cases which would naturally be submitted to a Council of Conciliation rather than to a judicial tribunal. But this question seems already to have been judicially treated in the United States. In the Chinese exclusion case (reported in 130, *United States Reports*, pp. 581-606), Mr. Justice Field, of the Supreme Court, said: "To preserve its independence and give security against foreign aggression and encroachment, is the highest duty of every nation, and to attain these ends nearly all other considerations are to be subordinated. It matters not in what form such aggression and encroachment come, whether from the foreign nation acting in its national character or from vast hordes of its people crowding in upon us." Happily, the point is not important, because the signatories to the proposed treaty would be bound to do one thing or the other—to submit the issue either to a judicial tribunal or else to a Court of Conciliation, and the obligations incurred would be the same in each case. The important clause is the third one, which introduces the novel element of international compulsion—either by economic pressure or military force. The contending Powers would still be able to go to war if they pleased, but not when they pleased. They would be obliged to submit their quarrels to arbitration or conciliation as the case might be, and that is the only obligation imposed upon them. When they have done that they can reject the award, or refuse the advice, and persist in going to war, without incurring the penalties involved by a breach of faith. It is only if a Power goes to war without complying with these preliminaries that the nations are bound to resent

its action and make common cause against it. Essentially, therefore, the "League to enforce Peace" adopts the principle of the Bryan treaties, and takes steps to see that they shall not be repudiated.

A kindred body, the British "League of Nations Society," would so far modify Mr. Taft's proposals as to wish to see the co-operating Powers pledged collectively to enforce the award of a court in a justiciable dispute, but not the recommendations of a court of conciliation in a non-justiciable dispute. This proposed variation of the American plan not only betrays a complete want of faith in its basic principle, but ignores the historical fact that there is no instance in modern times in which an arbitral award between nations has been repudiated.

Both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft believe that the wish to go to war would rarely be persisted in if an interval of a year could always be secured. Suppose, for instance, Austria, in that fatal month, July, 1914, instead of presenting her demands to Serbia and calling for their unconditional acceptance within forty-eight hours, had been obliged to state her case before some quasi-judicial tribunal or board of conciliation—is it not probable that hostilities would have been averted? In the same way, if Germany's declaration of war against Russia could have been delayed while the questions at issue were being judicially investigated, at least her tragic mistake about the attitude of Great Britain would have been impossible. There is no doubt that Germany had counted on the neutrality of this country. It was a disconcerting and staggering surprise to find that England, with her tiny army and barrow-load of munitions, was willing to fight for "a scrap of paper," and rather than be faithless to the

little kingdom was ready to throw herself across the path of the German Empire. When the German Chancellor knew his mistake it was too late to draw back—the German troops were across the frontier.

But whether or not Mr. Taft's scheme proved efficacious as a preventive of war it would certainly go far to rid the world of that other curse—an armed peace. If the principles of the League were formally and publicly accepted by the Great Powers there would be an instant end to that oppression of fears and uncertainty and suspicion which now, for a whole generation of men, has weighed upon Europe like a nightmare. For the entire element of surprise in regard to the outbreak of war would disappear—for no Power could have war suddenly sprung upon it. The effect of this complete removal of a whole chapter of doubts and apprehensions on the question of international armaments is obvious. To-day, nations must always be ready for emergencies, and the more sudden the war the greater the advantage of the people that is best prepared. But under a system which secured to all peoples a year's respite from attack, and enabled them to feel that at the worst they would have some months in which to set their house in order before being called upon to fight, the temptation to pile up armaments would be enormously reduced. One of the main advantages which an aggressive Power possesses at present, the opportunity to overwhelm a less well-prepared adversary by an unexpected attack, would at once be taken away. The new international situation which would follow from the adoption of Mr. Taft's proposals would thus at the same time discourage the preparations of the aggressive Powers and make it unnecessary for their

The Dublin Review.

more peaceful neighbors to be perpetually looking to their defenses.

"The League to enforce Peace" was started in Philadelphia in June last year, but already its proposals have met with a wide welcome. Its immediate aims are modest, its machinery is simple, and the hopes formed for it are without limit. The reaction from the horrors of the present war will supply the League with a driving power which should go far to win a general acceptance of its program. Clearly much will depend upon the spirit in which neutrals in future wars regard their obligations, whether, in the words of Lord Grey of Falloden, they can be trusted "to play up." Happily, in most cases, duty and inclination will run in one current. It is one of the many advantages of Mr. Taft's scheme that it asks so little of neutrals. They are invited only "to shout with the majority" and to march with the big battalions. And it must be remembered that every successful intervention, compelling respect for public law, would make intervention in the future more easy—until it became almost a habit, a thing taken for granted, easily offered and readily accepted. Then we should be near the time when all the family of nations was agreed in feeling that no war, wherever waged or threatened, could be wholly alien to it, and in recognizing that the trouble of one member was the concern of all.

At any rate Mr. Taft's scheme holds the field. And even in this time of chastened hope there are many, on both sides of the Atlantic, who are profoundly convinced that its simple methods would do more than anything else to hasten the coming of the Prince of Peace, and so to give us some reason to trust that the future of our race shall be better than its past.

J. G. Snead-Cox.

THE FRENCH ON THE SOMME.

"Allons-y! c'est pour la patrie."

I had seen the mighty effort of our people on the Somme, and had witnessed the battle for Morval and Lesbœufs from a point very near the left wing of our gallant allies; but I had not yet seen the French in action. I was therefore glad to know that an opportunity was now to be given me of doing so.

Our headquarters were in an old Cathedral town, in whose streets and squares there were almost as many Englishmen as Frenchmen; while at our hotel the khaki and the gray-blue were closely intermingled. It was the meeting-point here, a little in the rear, of the two armies.

The early morning found us on one of those straight, logical roads—unlike our own—that run with their French directness and singleness of purpose from one considered point to another. It was a road animated by all the stir and preparation of organized war; which, as it is developed by the patient and strenuous industry of her people throughout France, comes slowly, like the shaft of a lance to its blade-point, to its final conclusion here upon the Front. So overwhelming is the interest of the Fighting Line—that strange, shifting, and tragic area, where the thoughts and ideals of men are brought to the anvil of war—that one is prone to neglect these mighty preparations, this patient and faithful toil that is the prelude of victory.

As we have swept along the straight white road, it was thronged with these symbols of the will and tenacity of France.

"Under the light, sparkling surface of this people," said my companion, "there resides a core of indestructible granite, and the Boche is up against it now."

So he is; and the granite is legible

upon the faces of all those men who toil upon these long white roads that are the arteries of war.

Gone for the moment are the vivacity and the joy; but the infinite patience, the undying valor, these remain; and let us bow to them when we meet them on the road.

Here are the menders restoring to the road its traditional perfection; reclaiming it foot by foot from the indignity that has been put upon it. Here are the drivers of the wagons, carrying to their brethren the provender of battle; the food and the fuel they need for their sustenance, the shells and cartridges they claim for the intruder upon their ancient soil. White with the dust, seamed with the sweat and the stress of their traffic, hard and enduring, these men have but one purpose at heart, one end in view; and to this their strength is uncomplainingly directed.

Beside them, along the Light Railway that cleaves the fields, there move the great guns, the armored cars, the gallant engines, the steel wagons full of shells.

The Light Railways converge at the temporary terminus a little behind the battle line and a great activity is concentrated here at the base of supply. Here are planks by the million for huts and trenches; hurdles upon which in the approaching winter the tired soldier may sleep without becoming imbedded in the slough and mud; lines upon lines and masses of shells, like a vast army waiting to go up and slay the enemy; sidings and platforms for each variety of goods; shining rails of steel as complex as the network of Clapham Junction; stores of every imaginable kind.

Side by side with the Poilus works the captive Boche.

"I ask from him nothing more than I do from my own people," says the Colonel in command, "and if he would work nearly as well as my own *Pères de famille* of forty-five I should be content."

He doesn't, of course; but then the Father of Forty-five is a freeman, working of his own will for the good of his country; the other is a captive.

It is a busy scene, interrupted from time to time by the thrust of war. The German aeroplane, when it can get so far, drops its bombs, under cover of the night, upon the little colony, killing friend and foe alike; and Fritz and François lie beside each other stricken by the same missile. The sound of the battle is heard in the distance, and the shadows of evening are lit with the summer lightning of the guns.

Farther upon the road are the great guns that travel by rail, and heave their shells a distance of twenty kilometers. You can see them in the autumn mists like mammoths pointing their trunks towards the invader, and from time to time you can see the flame as it issues from their lips; you can hear the thunder of their voices as the *gros obus* go hurtling through the sky. If you go up to them you will find them like Leviathan at home in a field, and behind each gun the wagon of steel in which his provender is laid.

When the door of the wagon is opened, one of the sleeping creatures is nipped by the claws of a traveling-crane and deposited like a puppy in a cradle that moves along an aerial line of rail, until it is arrived at the mighty breach, its last resting-place before it fulfils its destiny.

The slow twisting of a screw behind it sends it forth with a persuasive impulse into the open breach; the door is closed upon its mystery; and then with a mighty music it sweeps upon the world, a living thing.

Beside this portent the quiet cattle

pasture, indifferent even to its voice; the women toil with bent shoulders in the fields they love, and the life of the hamlet moves upon its ancient course.

When evening comes, the people of the gun gather together like factory-workers after the day's toil, and you can see them in a dark silhouette against the reddening sky, as a truck carries them away to their billets. One of the last to leave is the Battery Commander, a man who is the human equivalent of his charge; solid and direct; a hard and determined hitter.

And here in another corner of the world, upon the fringe of the Fighting Line, is the Aviators' home. The place pulses with the very Spirit of Attack. The French airmen, like our men, hold the initiative, and seek out and destroy the enemy wherever he is to be found. As we stand here upon the wood's edge, facing the open plain, the Aeroplanes come home from their raids across the frontier, and the still country air resounds to their flight. The music of their pinions is like the sound of the sea afar off; or, as they come near, like the vibration of a great beetle homing in Brobdingnag.

First there is one, and then another, until the host is assembled and dormant upon the grass. But there is one that has not come back. Has he fought his fight for the last time, and will his comrades see him no more? We search the sky with a sharp inquiry, but there is no reply.

Inside the hangars there are some new models—French and English. These are the fighting planes, for one man only. You can see where he sits with his eye upon the world, his timepiece before him, his feet upon the pedal, his hand upon the machine, the trigger of his gun apt for his instant use, the long roll of cartridges gleaming on the tape below, the engine upon which his life depends, the linen wings of flight, the slender wires of steel that

stand between him and sudden death.

High up there, 10,000 feet above the earth, the solitary flier fights and makes his battle alone. In a world that is drilled and driven as if the human entity were nothing, here is a corner in which the individual attains once more his right to exist. And it is here where you might look to find this—that the Briton and the Frenchman are supreme. The man triumphs over the machine. You can see it in the faces of those men who ride the air. Youth and gaiety revive here in the hearts of our friends. It is no longer endurance but victory that meets us in their eyes. These are the men of the new generation that will transform France in the coming years.

"You wish to know something of the mechanism of our latest machines," says the Commandant; "well, you cannot do better than have P——, he will tell you all about them;" and with this he turns towards a bright-faced boy and puts his arm affectionately about his shoulders.

"Sub-Lieutenant P——," he says, "has brought down six of the enemy's planes."

The Sub-Lieutenant is as cherubic and serene as a midshipman. His manner is cheery and confident, his brain as clear as crystal.

We learn from him all about the new machine that there is to tell; and one of us is so impressed that he murmurs something about the airman's super-human task. "*Oh! nous,*" replies the Superman, "*on ne fait pas de gros travail. . . . On nous dit: 'Il y a là ou là trois Boches, qu'il faut tuer.' Alors nous, on y va, et on les abat si l'on peut. C'est tout.*"

It was Böcke, one of the bravest of the German airmen, who could not fathom the inexplicable British spirit of sport. The French, he said, take

their flying fatalistically, with the grimmest earnestness.

But he reckoned without the rising generation.

In one of the tents in the bosom of the wood, there is gathered together each day the harvest the aviators bring home. Here are photographs of the most wonderful description, showing with the accuracy of a Recording Angel every detail of the German lines; and from these there is prepared from day to day—one might almost say from hour to hour—a map showing the development of the enemy's trenches as he is driven from point to point, the emplacements of his guns, his captive balloons, the points at which his aeroplanes were brought down. You are seized, as you look at these, with a sense of the painstaking science of war.

It is in a place like this that you learn once for all what Air Supremacy means,—its part in the coming Victory.

I have claimed for these our people that they surpass in their individuality the enemy; so do the French machines. The Boche has made the mistake you would expect of him—of trusting to a standardized type, produced in large numbers in factories. The Frenchman, with a finer instinct, has allowed for a diversity of type. For the functions of air-machines in war are of many kinds. To record a few of the most obvious: there is the Plane that takes photographs; the Fighting Plane, with a superb turn of speed; the Bomb-Thrower; the Artillery Plane, that guides the fire of the guns; the Infantry Plane, that helps to keep the advancing troops in touch.

The photographs are taken from a height of from between three to four thousand feet; and as soon as they are handed in they are put rapidly through the developer, and printed so swiftly that within a day thousands of them are ready for distribution.

Each of these photographs is examined with a searching eye, with magnifying glasses or stereoscopes, by men specially trained for this job.

Inferences are drawn from pin-points that could mean nothing to the casual observer; and a marvellous array of facts is placed at the disposal of the attacking troops. Thousands of lives are saved by this agency alone.

Later, when the attack has been launched and the fight is at its fiercest; when the telephone wires have been snapped and uprooted from the earth; when the Barrage fire makes a deadly wall which even the gallant Liaison messenger, the bravest of the brave, can scarcely penetrate—it is again the aeroplane, with its wireless apparatus, that comes to the help of the soldier and enables the Army Commander to control and direct the movements of his force. It is the aeroplane that saves men from that most bitter of all inflections—the fire of their own guns. The task of the aviator, as he flies low over the deadly *mêlée*, is full of peril; and it calls for a mind that will work at its finest under a hail of fire, indifferent to all personal risks. You must be a brave man, with nerves of steel, to play that game.

Take the record of but one of these heroes—

“Lieutenant—. He fought six combats in the air, forcing two of the enemy’s planes to the ground within their own lines. He showed in these circumstances the most absolute contempt for death, paying not the slightest attention to the fact that in four of these fights his plane was repeatedly hit by the machine-gun fire of the enemy. On the 15th of March 1916, although his mitrailleuse had jammed, he carried out the task assigned to him, scattering the enemy’s planes by a series of audacious manœuvres, and

returned to headquarters with his machine riddled with bullets.”

But the number of such episodes is legion.

Beyond the great guns and the Aviation Camp, the road now carries us into the dread Land of War. You cannot mistake it if you have once seen it here in France; for it is the negation of all that you have held most dear upon this earth. In this land Ruin walks hand in hand with Death. The green meadows and the russet orchards, the lovely woods that should be turning to gold and amber and cinnabar; the creepers that should be climbing in crimson upon the cottage walls; the old people at their doors, the children at the gate, the rose-cheeked maidens blushing with the sap and flow of life; the blue smoke of each homestead curling into the quiet sky; the lights at the windows; the stir and music of the street,—all these have gone.

Aceldama, it has become a place of woe; and Golgotha, a place of skulls.

One cannot convey to another, who has not seen it, the desolation and horror of the scene. The fields are of a melancholy brown, where dying weeds hang their dejected and tattered heads; the woods are ghostly remnants of what once were trees, but are now misshapen and tortured forms that grieve the open sky; the houses where they retain any form at all are ruined beyond the semblance of human habitations, with roofs that grin at one like the teeth of a skull, and walls that look as if a leprosy had fastened upon their tottering remains. The white highway, that was once so superb and finished a thing, the lineal heir of Rome, is now as weary and as broken as if it led to Hell.

A side-road from it—one of those familiar and domestic things we love—leads to the hamlet and Château of —, and it is the most pitiful sem-

blance of a road upon which human footsteps ever echoed since man began to call himself civilized. In its earlier part we can still discover the alignment of its avenue, its outline of what were once trees. Some, hit in the middle by a furious shell, lift the dark fragments of their trunks a few feet above the soil; others stand like shivered masts against the gray weeping sky. Upon none is there any sign or tremor of life, save where the bark flaps with a melancholy insistence as if it wished to speak. The fields upon either side of it are completely bereft of everything that grows, and so pitted with the accuracy of the shells that they are like a smallpox that has fastened upon the face of the earth. Its surface is littered with the *débris* of battle; with helmets and water-bottles riddled, like those who owned them, with bullet-holes; with bombs and hand-grenades and unexploded shells and unused cartridges; and fragments of men's clothes and accoutrements. Even to walk here you need to exercise a vigilant discretion, for a touch of the foot might stir any one of these sinister things that look like rattles and fir-cones into violent life; and it is well not to look too closely into the pits where the remnants of human creatures protrude from the sheltering earth.

When you look up from these pitfalls and these gins, you see about you the torment of what is called a reciprocal bombardment.

From the wood you have left behind you there come the incessant flashes of the French guns; upon the pocked fields there fall from moment to moment the shells of the German howitzers, sending up columns of black cloud and geysers of mud, and the gray void over your head is peopled with the voices of invisible hosts. You cannot see them, yet you feel every time you look up that you

ought to see them, so near are they, so insistent is their cry. There is the crash of the German 77, the rending tear of the *soixante-quinze* that almost splits your ear-drums, the deep-toned cooing howl of the howitzer followed by its appalling smash, the false note of the ill-made shell that knows not whither it is bound, the sudden cry and rattle of the *mitrailleuse* seeking its prey.

Such is the orchestra of the battlefield; but terrifying as it is, you soon get used to it, and go plodding along the road with scarcely a touch of physical discomfort. Presently some one will know how to get a picture of these invisible agents of death, a record of their devilish voices; and then with the film of the cinema before you, showing men in the instant of death, you will have your battlefield displayed for your edification without moving from your chair. But for the moment a little effort is needed to know what these things are like.

In the midst of these surroundings, in the shelter of a cemented and bomb-proof casemate taken from the enemy, is a *Poste de Secours*, or advanced dressing-station for the wounded. It is so dark in here that you need a few moments to adjust your vision; but in a little while the dim crowd at the entrance resolves itself into its component units, and in the considerate shadows you can see the newly wounded, the dying, and the sufferers from shell-shock. I doubt if there is anything more pitiful than the sight of these broken men. A wound you can understand, but here is something that goes deeper. They sit here, in their gray-blue uniforms, their trench helmets still upon their heads, but bowed down and unable to speak. The fire has been stolen from their hearts.

"A couple of days' rest," says the

Surgeon, "and they will be all right." So they will—but think of what they must have gone through to be here. When these men hear the sound of a gun their bodies wilt as if they had been hit.

A little way beyond stands the Château of —, a heap of rubbish; and if it be your purpose to call upon the officer in command, you must burrow into this rubbish-heap, and pass, like the wolf and the cony, from the light of day. Then you will find him in the cellar of the Château, a brain at work by the light of a solitary lamp. In one dim corner there lies in a dejected pile the library of this country house, rescued and brought together by these kindly people; and if books are anything to you, if they have solaced your grief or added to your joys, you will feel as distressed by the misery and ruin that have overtaken them as by the all but inhuman agony that meets your eyes. Some of them bear the arms of the Dukes of Chaulnes. Do you remember how Madame de Sévigné loved this neighborhood, *si beau, si charmant*?

In another dim corner, with their faces turned to the wall, are the family portraits. Upon the narrow deal table that is supported at one end for want of a leg by a Louis XVI settee upholstered in watered silk, there are the wonderful staff-maps of the advancing line of battle, showing the enemy's trenches, the emplacements of his guns, his fortified positions. All that the aeroplanes see from the heaven above is recorded here.

Here is the place they are going to take tomorrow—the Sucrerie of Genermont. "*Viola un gros morceau*," says the Colonel, tapping it cheerily with his finger. "We give them no rest; trench by trench, foot by foot (and a foot here is often a hundred metres), we drive them before us. Our men are simply splendid. But

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we do not waste them. No! In this war of Exhaustion, it is our business to kill, not to be killed."

And this is the lesson that the French, with their keen intuition, their genius for war, have learned, perhaps a little quicker than we have.

"*Deux petits blessés*," said the General to me this morning, "in exchange for seven hundred prisoners. We pounded them to the last fraction of a second, and when our men fell upon them it was 'Kamerad.'"

It is not always so; with the best of preparation there is often both hard and bitter fighting to be done; there is the revenge of the enemy's artillery when his ruined trenches are taken by our troops; but in the long run this is the lesson we are learning from two years of war; and it is the gun factories and the munition girls who are helping us to apply it.

The Boche says, "Look at the map"; we reply, "Look at our prisoners and at your dead."

In this chamber of the Château the French when they advanced found six German officers killed, not by wounds but by the concussion of a shell. "It fell there," said the Colonel, pointing to the circle of light by the hole through which we had come; "and when we entered we found them with the blood oozing from their ears and noses, their blood-vessels ruptured, but otherwise intact."

He shrugged his shoulders, and put up the palms of his hands.

"We should do no better if one fell there now——" His manner was cheery and vital, the faces about him smiling and courteous. He might have been the Master of the house receiving us in the big drawing-room upstairs.

"Why! Yes!" he said, "I have no objection to your going up to the First Line; but be careful, I pray you. I

should be desolated," and he smiled with a touch of irony, "if anything happened to you."

As we emerged into the daylight, a French plane came flying low over the ruins of the Château, ringed about with black puffs of shrapnel, which pursued her like hounds.

All about us lay the remnants of the Château. That rubbish-heap there was its farm, and that blistered spot upon which no blade of grass was visible was its lawn. Those withered trees were its sheltering wood, and here and there we could trace the fragments of its encircling wall. The whole of its area was seamed with the German trenches. An officer who was with me looked at it with a cool and deliberate air.

"Quite done for," he said, "and I happen to know that De K— spent three hundred thousand francs on it just before the war broke out."

It is thus that you realize what France has endured.

We were now obliged to enter the shelter of the long communication trench; and from time to time as we stopped to look over its walls we could see the Artillery battle progressing with an increasing fury, the flight of the German aeroplanes, and the falling ever nearer and nearer of the shells. Here and there in the general waste there survived the fragment of a wall, a solitary tree which helped to mark the direction we were taking. All else was a void, blistered beyond all earthly semblance.

The black face of a nigger peeping out from this Inferno was a startling apparition.

We found him presently, one of a party, clearing the ruined trenches. Pipe in mouth, clad in the same blue helmet and uniform, they worked here side by side with their French brethren. Brethren they were, too, in their easy and friendly companion-

ship. In the hospitals, too, you find them so—black face and white face near each other, bound by the tie of common sacrifice.

Every here and there a small wooden cross, standing up from the walls of the trench with some simple inscription, "Un brave Français," showed where lay the remnants of one who had died for his country.

And then we came to a point which the diggers had not yet reached; whence the tide of battle had barely ebbed, and the trenches still lay as they had been left by the beaten enemy.

"Here, where we stand now," said one who was with us, "you see the *débris* of a barrage across which the Boche and our people threw hand-grenades at each other, until we broke through and drove them before us."

Every few yards there was a shaft leading down from the trench into a dug-out, and in each of these dug-outs there lay rifles and bandoliers and gas-masks, hastily abandoned by the enemy; and sometimes these dug-outs were sealed by the explosion of a shell, and in them lay those who had been killed or buried alive.

And so we came to where the dead still lay unburied; the human creature with all his potentialities, reduced to that which had better remain undescribed. . . .

We still went on, and as I turned to look back I found that I was alone with C—, an officer of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, who strode on before me gay and exultant.

"We are about 300 metres now from the Boche; let us see what's happening," said he, and climbing a little way up the broken wall of the trench, he looked out upon the howling waste.

It was the same tragic scene that had met our eyes since first we embarked upon this journey—but more deadly, more intense in its mournful

expression. The increasing battle, the loud explosions of the shells, the rattle of the machine-guns, the German planes venturing here and there within our reach, the rising columns and masses of black smoke, the dead men lying below, gave me an impression that can never fade of the hell into which the best and bravest of the world go with a smile.

And then a little incident occurred which brought the scene to a sort of personal climax. For as I stood here, absorbed in its detail, I saw approaching me, racing across the gray waste, like some footballer dashing for his goal, a small black creature, clearly visible, swaying from side to side, yet furiously intent upon its course. I dropped into the trench to the sound of a smashing explosion; a shower of mud, and a heavy fall as de V——, who had been following us, rolled over at my feet.

"*Nous l'avons échappé belle*," laughed C——, brushing the mud from his tunic, and as I did the same a small warm object fell from the folds of my coat.

"It was the wind of the damned thing that knocked me over," said de V——, picking himself up, somewhat abashed.

We found the shell on the lip of the trench fuming as if with rage at having failed of its purpose.

We were evidently in luck; for Mr. Bass, of an American paper—an old campaigner who carries with him a wound from the Russian front—who should have been where it fell, had fortunately dropped a couple of yards behind. The rest of our party, farther off, seeing the shell fall, retired to a dug-out, assured that we should never meet again. A pause of a second or two—a yard this way or that,—such is the interval between all that life means to us and the bleak oblivion of death.

It is a risk that the soldier at the Front takes every day of his life.

"Don't be distressed for me if I fall," says he, writing to mother or wife, "it is a glorious death to die."

We ate our lunch in an underground mansion, which for the past two years had been the home of a German General and his Staff. It was a very elaborate piece of subterranean architecture, right under the metaled surface of the Route Nationale from Amiens to St. Quentin, and if you look out for it you will find a water-color of it in the best of all the illustrated papers of the war. Its façade, to which we descended by a flight of steps, was after the style of a Bavarian chalet, with a spirited inscription in German Gothic, to the effect that, in spite of old Joffre's ugly faces, no shells could reach them there. Beside it, on the cemented side-wall, there was a neat little tablet of a chaste simplicity—

"OFFERED TO OUR GENERAL
BY HIS BRETONS."

There were sandbags and cemented works to enhance its safety; and within there was the parlor where we lunched, with a piano against the wooden walls and a frieze of vines along the cornice. Behind there was the General's bedroom, with a spring mattress stolen from the nearest château; a big gilt mirror in which he might survey his person; an arm-chair covered in crimson velvet, in which he might take his after-luncheon nap; and pictures of the Fatherland upon the walls to soothe his sentimental soul.

Where, I wonder, is that German General now?

The kitchen was a dream; and since the great must have the small to wait upon them, there were cabins, not quite so luxurious, for his personal attendants. There was electric light.

Clearly this warrior had an eye to the amenities of life, and it was our luck to profit by them. The fare was good, the roof shell-proof, and as we sat together here about the table in the happy fellowship that comes of association with the French, the most delightful of all people at a meal, we laughed over the incidents of the morning and forgot the roaring of the guns outside.

And when we had finished, we climbed out into the open again to find François Flameng, with his fresh face and cheery air, his blue trench helmet on his head, and a pipe in the corner of his mouth, painting the villa. The French officers of our party were delighted to see him. There was much handshaking and friendly chaff, and we had the honor of being introduced to the painter.

It seems that Mr. Flameng has permission to go where he likes and to paint whatever pleases his eye. Since the beginning of the War he has been busy in this way, and there is no one better known in trench and camp than this distinguished and joyous personage. It was a great and a very unexpected pleasure to see him at work.

The scene amidst which these events transpired was of an impressive character. Above it there rose in its tragic and misshapen lines the gaunt skeleton of a wood. At one end of it there was a cemetery of new-made graves, each with its wooden cross and simple inscription: "Guyot Pierre—Soldier of France"—"Lieutenant M —, an affectionate tribute from his Company." Beside them stood a tall man in a long buff coat with his cassock peeping from under it, a trench helmet on his head, and a face like that of Christ, with his blonde beard and gentle eyes. Next to him stood the Divisional Surgeon, a humorous character; "Un vrai type," said

an officer, laughing at his singular manner and speech; about them there moved upon their varied business the French infantry, hardy and matter-of-fact.

With a sudden whirl an aeroplane came flying over the tree-tops, almost brushing them with its wings. And beyond these the heavy batteries roared their menace, and the ground shook with their wrath. It was a beautiful sight, too, in its way: the low concealed valley; the blue figures moving amongst the trees; the Battery Commanders, cool and icy in their places of control, their clear peremptory voices cleaving the welter of sound; the men at the guns like stokers at a furnace; the sudden flash, the bursting roar, the recoil, and in the gray sky, visible to the eye, the messenger of Death upon his way. Over all, ceaseless in their brooding, the French aviators flying low over the field of vision, the eyes of France fixed upon the enemy.

We met the General at work in his dug-out in another part of the field. It was another habitation to that of his German rival. "Voilà mon Cabinet de travail," said he, ushering me into the smallest of little rooms by the roadside, with a table in it, a chair, a telephone, and a staff-map upon the wall. Some steps cut in the mud led down to his bedroom, which was like a steamer cabin. The bulb of an electric light hung beside his bed. "A present from the Boche," he said. Next door his Staff were at work, the telephone was constantly in action, and a despatch rider occasionally came peppering up the road.

We climbed up into the field above. The same desolate waste, the same mournful void that war creates wherever it places its deadly hand. Upon the skyline I could see the faint outlines of the Bois de Trones, by which I had stood on the day of the British

battle. French and English, hand in hand, good friends and loyal comrades, we go forward, never doubting, to the ultimate goal, sealing our compact with the blood of our peoples.

Can we ever forget them, or they us?

And then, as I stood here with the General—a man of the old type, vivid
Blackwood's Magazine.

and martial, a soldier of France—some homing pigeons came flying through the gray sky, gentle of wing and faithful to their cause; and out of the tarnished waste a lark rose singing into the heavens, above the griefs and the turmoil of men, unconscious of the tragedy about her.

Odysseus.

TWO'S TWO.

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST LETTER.

"Please, your ladyship," announced Horrocks, "Sir Wyverne hasn't slept in the 'ouse!"

The two ladies were sitting at breakfast when this bomb was thrown. Joyce flushed, and the searching gaze of the Dowager did nothing to lower her color. She had concluded so confidently that after all the baronet had changed his plans, that she had spoken no word of his intentions.

"Then he must have gone after all!" she exclaimed.

"Gone where?" his mother demanded.

"To Paris."

"When?"

"Last night."

"By motor-car?"

"No, he walked to the station."

"But his luggage?"

"He carried it in his hand."

For a moment Lady Warrington-Browne stared at her in silence. Then in a very dry voice she remarked—

"Ah! He confided in you this time."

"He asked me to tell you——" began Joyce.

"And why didn't you?"

"I thought I saw a light in the study window after the last train had gone."

"What an extraordinary reason for withholding this information from his mother!"

Joyce rose.

"He left a note for you," she said hurriedly; "I'll get it."

"I should hope so!" said the Dowager.

She returned with the note, and in silence Lady Warrington-Browne read it through.

"He says nothing about walking to the station at midnight with his luggage in his hand," she observed.

"Perhaps he decided on that later," suggested Joyce.

"I was not with him later," replied the Dowager icily, "but you apparently were. Did he give no explanation of his extraordinary step?"

"I never asked him for any."

"Ah! no doubt inquiry would be unnecessary."

This ambiguous remark was spoken calmly, but the Dowager's eye gleamed. She said nothing else till breakfast was over, and then Joyce hurried to her room.

Opening the window, she put out her head and looked along the long garden front at the windows and then at the illuminated yew. Then she went into the garden and examined them from there. She admitted she might conceivably have made a mistake: she admitted she had been culpable to jump to a conclusion on such evidence alone; and yet she remained morally sure that that light had burned in Sir Wyverne's study, and then been extinguished after the night train had gone.

In the course of the morning she walked into Sutherbury to do some shopping, and there for the first time she heard rumors of Mr. Fitz-Wyverne's exploits, and the scandal that was rapidly gathering like a snowball round his kinsman's name. The nervousness of Major Peckenham began to seem after all not so very extraordinary.

From the High Street her errands took her to the station, where she expected a parcel by train, and there a greeting from the stationmaster suddenly suggested an inquiry.

Beginning diplomatically with a few questions about trains to London in general, she arrived at the night express.

"Is it often stopped by signal?" she asked.

"Once or twice a week, Miss, as a general rule," said the stationmaster. "It was stopped last night, for instance."

"Oh!" said Joyce carelessly, "by Sir Wyverne, I suppose?"

"Sir Wyverne!" exclaimed the stationmaster. "He didn't go by train last night surely, did he?"

"He has gone away for a few days," said she evasively. "It just occurred to me it might be he."

The casual habits of the family at the Park seemed to surprise the stationmaster.

"It seems a bit odd, Miss, you shouldn't know," he remarked.

Joyce felt it was time she moved on, but she could not resist putting one question more.

"Who did stop the train last night?" she inquired.

"A young gentleman. Remarkable affable young gentleman he was too. Miss—quite one of the nuts, as they call 'em nowadays."

"Nobody from Sutherbury?"

"Oh no; I never saw him before; that I'm positive certain of."

"Well, good morning," said Joyce.

As she walked back to the house, she wondered very hard indeed. She had the strongest suspicions who the young gentleman was, but what was one to think about the whole episode? The Major's state of mind seemed perfectly normal now.

She met the Dowager again at lunch, she met her at tea, she met her at dinner, and she sat with her for an hour in the drawing-room afterwards, and as far as she could remember the old lady addressed only six remarks to her. But the vigilance of her hostile eye was never relaxed. Joyce was reminded of the stories of prisoners in solitary cells and eyes that watched them through peep-holes night and day.

After certain of Archibald's disclosures, she could not pretend to herself that the old lady's attitude was an unfathomable mystery. But this made the situation no more comfortable.

When she came to review the position over her bedroom fire at night, she saw only one ground for satisfaction, which was that she had clearly been right about the light in the study and the conclusion she drew from it. That Sir Wyverne had not gone away, but was concealed, for some mysterious reason, either in the house or in the neighborhood, she felt positive.

In the morning she arrived first in the dining-room, and her theories received a new and violent shock. On the table, beside her place, lay a letter, in the Baronet's handwriting, marked "Private," and with the London postmark exceptionally legible.

She took it to the window, and, with an eye on the door all the while, read this unexpected communication:—

Hotel Chic,
Piccadilly, London, W.

Dear Miss Demayne,—Here I am in London after all! An important

communication from one of the most important party bugs has changed my plans, and if ever I needed my invaluable secretary, I need her now! Come up by the 5.12 train and meet me here. It's *most* important. Bring the usual note-books and pencils and things, also your *smartest* evening frock. My mission is social as well as political. Be *sure* you don't fail me!

The bug in question insists that my worthy mother is not to be told. I give you my authority to order the car when you want it and come away quietly. I shall probably require you for two or three nights. We shall have a strenuous time, but a politician must do his duty.—Yours sincerely,

Wyverne Warrington-Browne.

She had no more than time to read the letter and slip it into her pocket before the Dowager appeared, and a silent meal under a freezing eye began.

Walking thoughtfully in the park after breakfast, she reread her employer's commands. They were very explicit, and there was no doubt about the handwriting, but there were disturbing features. Never before had she known the Baronet refer to his political advisers, or anyone else, as "bugs." Never had she known him so lavish of points of exclamation. "My worthy mother"—"my invaluable secretary"—the underlined "*most*" and "*sure*"—"note-books and pencils and things"; all these were most unusual features in a letter from Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne. The secrecy enjoined was also remarkable. Furthermore there was the extraordinary problem of how he had reached London, a conundrum on which the letter threw no light at all.

Nevertheless she was paid her wages by Sir Wyverne: it was his to command and hers merely to obey. His mother's subsequent comments might very possibly be adverse, judg-

ing by her peculiar conduct lately, but Joyce had a high spirit, and she considered that the old lady had enjoyed in the course of a long life at least as much deference as she deserved. She resolved to do her duty by her employer—even down to the detail of her *smartest* frock.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SECOND LETTER.

The Hotel Chic is Piccadilly's brightest beauty spot. Before it arrived, a mere building defaced the choicest site in that historic street. A magic wand was waved by four or five gifted brunette gentlemen, and lo! a Structure stood there instead. This structure was vast without and gorgeous within. The charges were fabulous, the food was dazzling and tasted quite pleasant, and the staff consisted of the entire reserve battalion of the 556th Bavarian Regiment, gorgeously appareled, and rapidly becoming too plump for their old uniforms.

To this choice resort potentates and notabilities of all nations and degrees of splendor thronged perpetually. There was no place in Europe where it was harder for beauty, diamonds, coronets, or even crowns, to create a new sensation, yet the feat was achieved in five minutes by a young man, who arrived with one handbag and a pair of rather too bright yellow boots.

"I say!" he cried in a ringing cheerful voice, the moment he stepped into the hall, "I want to see the manager!"

"If you inquire at the office, sir——" began the charmingly polite official, in plum color and gold.

"I shall interview him here," announced the youth. "Inform him that Mr. Fitz-Wyverne has arrived."

He threw himself down in a chair, and while awaiting the manager, returned the gaze of the dozen or so

potentates who happened to be in the hall with a smiling and confident eye. They tried to look as though they were quite accustomed to seeing Mr. Fitz-Wyvernes, but without any success. The sensation had obviously begun.

When the manager appeared (a thing he only did as a rule when the more majestic royalties arrived), the young man addressed him from his chair with a mixture of authority and humor that increased the sensation at every word.

"Get me a motor-car," he commanded—"the best in London. I shall probably want it for a week. See that the chauffeur is dark and rather stout. I wish his beauty to be a marked contrast to my own. It should be upholstered in green for choice. Have it round at the door in quarter of an hour."

Nothing was ever known to baffle the manager.

"Very good, sir," he replied smoothly, and a glance towards the office set a brilliant satellite to work on a telephone. The car was evidently on order.

"I also want two bedrooms, a sitting-room, and a bathroom; the best you have. The second bedroom is for a lady. Her hair is dark, and her complexion pale; see that the flowers are appropriate."

"The flowers?" asked the manager.

"Order half a flower-bedful; the best, of course. Place a small diamond trinket upon her dressing table."

"Have you got the trinket, sir?" inquired the manager.

"No; I thought I could trust you to supply the bare necessities of a lady's bedroom."

"Certainly; you can trust me, sir," said the manager with a slight smile at the grotesque idea of the Hotel Chic proving unable to deal with this elementary problem.

"Now," said the distinguished guest, rising, "I wish to visit my suite of apartments and get my boots calmed."

"Calmed, sir?" inquired the manager apologetically.

"Did you ever see such a violent shade of old gold?" the young man said with a condescending yet infectious smile. "I want them chastened by your leading artist."

Mr. Fitz-Wyverne vanished in the lift, and the notabilities in the hall breathed more freely. They felt that they had become somebodies again.

In quarter of an hour exactly a green upholstered Rolls-Royce stood at the door, with a stout dark expert at the wheel, and two minutes later the brilliant stranger re-appeared from the lift. His boots were now of the chastest shade of brown and gleamed like jewels. Meanwhile notabilities had mysteriously drifted into the hall, till there was a considerable gathering to enjoy the spectacle of his departure. At the glass revolving door he turned and made them the most gracious and smiling bow conceivable. It was so irresistible that one Crown Prince, three Grand Dukes, five Peers, and seven millionaires bowed simultaneously to the courteous apparition.

"What a good beginning!" said Archibald to himself as he whirled away in his Rolls-Royce.

Sensations that morning were not confined to the Hotel Chic. The world-famous firm of tailors, Pond & Co., enjoyed another. A remarkably good-looking young gentleman walked in, inquired for the most responsible person in the establishment, and having secured the services of this functionary, gave his orders.

"I want an evening suit and an overcoat by seven o'clock tonight, a tail coat and striped trousers by ten o'clock tomorrow morning, and a suit of tweeds by tomorrow night."

"Unfortunately, sir, this is not a ready-made establishment," replied the responsible person, blandly but a little coldly.

"I suspected it!" smiled the handsome stranger. "In fact I want these things made by *you* to fit *me*. Now just kindly add up the prices and tell me the total. Don't bother me with the separate items."

The responsible person procured a sheet of paper and made a brief calculation.

"Fifty-four pounds, ten shillings," he announced, without visible emotion of any kind.

The young man plunged one hand into one trouser pocket and brought it out full of sovereigns. He plunged the other hand into the other trouser pocket with the same glittering result. He went through all his pockets and not one disappointed him. Then he arranged the sovereigns in rows on the table. Twelve rolls of tweed had to be removed before they were finally marshaled. All this time he made no remark, and in silence the entire staff and two customers watched the proceedings.

"Seventy-six pounds," he announced at last. "They are yours if I have those clothes at the times I mentioned."

"I shall see what can be done, sir," said the responsible person, blandly and warmly.

The same business-like methods produced several other sensations in the same select shopping region, and Archibald's luncheon of real turtle soup, grapes, and liqueur brandy (at fifteen shillings a glass), consumed in an easy-chair which he had specially brought into the dining-room, was also a decided success, especially when he was seen to drop a couple of sovereigns into the finger-bowl before leaving the table.

"No one has been disappointed in

me yet," said Archibald to himself with excusable satisfaction.

And for the next twenty-four hours, no one who watched or assisted the career of Archibald was for one moment disappointed.

Soon after six o'clock on the second afternoon of his triumphal progress, the green upholstered car swept into Paddington Station, and the unqualified success strolled down the arrival platform of the Sutherbury train. Ten minutes later he was eagerly scanning each first-class carriage as they slid more and more slowly past him. But it was not from one of these that a very smart and charming-looking young lady descended.

"Good heavens!" he cried with deep contrition. "Do you mean to say you actually came third class! I'm awfully sorry I didn't tell you——"

Miss Demayne's astonished eyes pulled him up, "just on the dashed brink" as he said to himself.

"*You!*" she cried, and there seemed to be more disquiet than pleasure in her voice.

Archibald recalled the somewhat peculiar circumstances of his origin, and began again more cautiously.

"I ought to explain that my cousin has suddenly been called down to the country, and has asked me to look after you while he is away. By the way, I've got a note to you from him."

She took the note and read—

Dear Miss Demayne,—Exceedingly sorry these sportsmen at the Whip's office are sending me down to York. Shall be back as soon as I possibly can. Meanwhile I leave you in Archie's hands. He is one of the steadiest, and you can safely trust him to do the honors of the Hotel Chic in my unavoidable absence.

Hoping you will have a cheery little holiday till I return.—Yours sincerely,

Wyverne Warrington-Browne.

It was undoubtedly a kind note, in fact it might even be called a thoughtful note, yet it left the same sensation of discomfort in Joyce's heart. Sir Wyverne's novel method of beginning his sentences without verb or pronoun; the allusion to the "sportsmen"; the devil-may-care atmosphere of the whole letter, distressed her. She began to hope very anxiously that no mental trouble was affecting the baronet.

On the other hand, its commands were quite explicit, and there was nothing actually unnatural in the circumstances it disclosed.

"Very well," said she. "Have you secured a cab?"

"Cab!" cried Archie. "Just wait till you see it."

She saw the green-upholstered car and the stout, dark chauffeur, and she was evidently impressed.

"Oh, you've brought your own car!" she said.

"Wyverne and I are splitting it," said Archie airily, as he handed her in.

He saw at once that he had made a mistake in disclaiming the sole ownership, and resolved that he would give the baronet no more credit than he could help for anything else. As a matter of fact, Joyce was wondering rather seriously why a man with three cars of his own should slip up to London with a suit-case and there split a new car with this light-hearted youth. It seemed superfluous.

She was very silent as they purred back to the hotel, but Archibald found himself enjoying the view of her profile so much that he was quite content to feast his eyes in comparative silence. That is to say, he stopped talking at least three or four times for nearly a minute on end.

The arrival of the lady whose voluptuous tastes demanded a bedroom full of flowers to match her complexion,

and diamond trinkets on her dressing-table, naturally caused extreme interest at the Hotel Chic, and the wink with which Archibald found himself instinctively replying to the looks of curiosity, greatly enhanced the effect of her entry. In fact, had the gay youth but known it, the manager was seriously wondering whether even the reputation of the Hotel Chic could stand the shock. Fortunately, before he could quite make up his mind, the handsome couple were safely in the lift.

"What beautiful flowers!" cried Joyce. "Do they put them in every room here?"

"I shall see that they put them in any room which has the luck to have you in it!" said Archibald.

As a plum-colored attendant was at that moment engaged in unstrapping her trunk within a few feet of them, Joyce bit her lip and made no answer. Archibald thought that the act of biting her lip was positively divine—as Joyce did it.

"Whose is this?" she exclaimed, as she approached the dressing-table.

"Yours," said Archibald, picking up the trinket and preparing to fasten it to her dress.

She started back and glanced at the attendant.

"The lady wishes you to leave the room!" commanded Archibald with a princely gesture.

"Not till you have finished, please!" said Joyce hastily; but Archibald winked again, and the man discreetly took the hint.

"Who is this from?" she demanded.

"Me," said Archibald proudly.

"Please take it back."

Even the irrepressible Archibald was chilled.

"You mean you don't want it."

"No thank you."

Archibald stepped to the window, opened it, and sent the trinket flying into space.

"That's the end of it," said he with a little break in his voice. "It won't trouble you any more, Joyee."

"But—but weren't they diamonds?" she cried, aghast.

"Only small ones."

Joyce looked at him with very mixed emotions in her eyes.

"You foolish boy!" she cried. "Run down and recover it at once before anyone else picks it up!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

The kindness in her voice converted him on the instant into the smiling Archibald again.

"Then will you be getting ready to come out to dinner?"

"I suppose I must dine somewhere," she smiled, "and apparently Sir Wyverne wants me to dine with you."

"Confound Wyverne!" said Archibald to himself as he went to his own room. "Why need she lug him in?"

(To be continued.)

E. V. LUCAS.

Edward Verrall Lucas was born in the year 1868. There is no need for reticence, as the fact is recorded by his own hand in an essay whose theme is that an almanac callously writes him down as "d. 1868," instead of "b. 1868." Just "d" for "b"; but oh! the difference to him—and us! Our agreeable rattle would then have been a graver mid-Victorian essayist, and we bereft of all his pleasant causeries. His own view of the matter is typical. If you or I were important enough to have our vital entrances and exits recorded in the calendars, what should we do if some ruthless compiler, out-Pharaohing Pharaoh, slew us at the very moment of our birth? Write furious letters, no doubt, or do something equally unbecoming and useless. Not so Mr. Lucas. Offer him an untimely sepulchre, and he retorts by pointing out how much he would have enjoyed before he entered it. *Memento mori* is the theme of so many moralists that we can afford to countenance one refreshing fellow whose theme is *memento vivere*.

Such, then, his cheerful temper; and, fortunately for us, he never loses it. Through the whole of a large output he remains invincibly and contagiously genial, never shirking facts, never fatiguing us with untimely optimism,

but giving us laughter without offense, sense without sententiousness, cheerfulness without insipidity, and, occasionally, the tear that is its own relief and comfort.

I called his output large. It is colossal. Nine times the space that measures industry in writing-men, namely, a page of the British Museum catalogue, he fills with his miscellanea. Nine pages!—with spaces (significant of popularity) for new editions and additions; and he is young enough, as literary years go, to fill other nine. The mere mass is remarkable; but what is really astonishing is its uniform excellence. Think, too, of its "infinite variety"—Verses, Essays, Novels (or "Entertainments," as he calls them), Topography, Biography, Editions of Lamb, Books for Children, Anthologies, Cricket, Satires, and Introductions innumerable! Nor does this take into account the contributions to *Punch* and other papers, not yet included in any volumes. Here, surely, is an illustration of Hazlitt's remark: "I do not wonder at any quantity that an author is said to have written; for the more a man writes, the more he can write." He might have added, "the better he can write." Lucas and Hazlitt can both be called as evidence.

He began with cricket—and verse; for the earliest surviving publication under his name is a little booklet called “Songs of the Bat,” a mere handful of verses, most of which were included in a later volume, “Willow and Leather.” Not an inappropriate beginning. Cricket, that noble game, which appeals to purer passions than those inflaming the mobs who howl with glee or indignation (according to the side) over the fouls at football; cricket, which does not put its players up to auction and wax fat over transfer fees; cricket—for these desperate parentheses must come to an end—is one of the subjects that Mr. Lucas can never keep out of his pages. With cricket he began, and with cricket he will end—c. and b. by Exeitement, let us say, at a Gentlemen and Players match in 1968, or thereabouts, when, having made a pleasant century in his usual graceful style, he will retire to a ghostly pavilion on paradisaal turf, where, in the presence of Alfred Mynn and Fuller Pileh, he will at last pay Hornby that penny. Cricket seems just the game that goes with the Lucasian manner—cricket, with its pleasant courtesies, its invitation to the connoisseur, its leisurely allurements, its sense of wholesome cleanliness, and its summery accompaniments of cherished turf and afternoon sunshine. Cricket is Lucas’s game—and Barrie’s; you might get some amusement by reckoning up the writers of the day whose game is certainly not cricket, and, as the examination papers say, if not, why not. Under this head of cricket, two other facts should be recorded; first, that E. V. Lucas (like Homer and his rivals) is not related to other cricketing persons of the same name; and next that a very delightful little volume of his later years is devoted wholly to the beloved game. Its title, with leisured and antique spaciousness,

runs thus: “The Hambledon Men: being a new edition of John Nyren’s ‘Young Cricketer’s Tutor,’ together with a collection of other matter drawn from various sources, all bearing upon the great batsmen and bowlers before round-arm came in.”

But cricket is not life. Tom Brown ends his novitiate with his last match and proceeds a man. So our author, his “Songs of the Bat” chanted, turns to business with his first real volume, a record of “Bernard Barton and His Friends.” Observe the omens: the future biographer and editor of Lamb compiles a treatise upon Lamb’s cherished correspondent; the future connoisseur of choice and delectable letters begins with the father-in-law of Edward FitzGerald; the future exponent of sane and humorous quietism in life breaks himself in on the life of a Quaker poet—altogether a becoming début for an author descended from Sussex “Friends.” Incidentally the task made him acquainted with Mrs. Edward FitzGerald, Bernard Barton’s daughter, for whom Lamb wrote his familiar “Album Verses,” beginning “Little book surnamed of White.” Thus may one reach across the ages.

That was in 1893. Thereafter follow what seem to be several blank years. Really, they were crowded with adventure. For explanation let us turn to a later volume, “Landmarks,” which, though not to be called an autobiography, contains much that is truly autobiographical. Rudd Ser-gison, destined for medicine, but in love with literature, tremblingly sends his first satirical verses to the *Post Meridian*, and receives real money for them—a Landmark indeed. After that auspicious beginning he contributes paragraphs, and then articles, with the same agreeable result. Suddenly, one day, he is sent for and asked if he can fill a temporary vacancy

on the staff. He goes for a fortnight and stays seven years. In this disguise Mr. Lucas presents his own experience. His first satirical verses (on Home Rule) were sent to the *Globe* from Brighton in 1888; and these were followed, when he became a student at University College, London, by paragraphs for "By the Way," and the inevitable "turnovers," an admirable feature that the changed *Globe* of today seems to have abandoned. He joined the staff, a mere tyro, in a sudden emergency, and by the time he left had found his feet in the world of letters. During his *Globe* period he invented an ingenious method of producing turnovers. A turnover ran to twelve hundred words. Lucas found that it was easy to write six hundred words upon any subject, the trouble beginning with the second six hundred. Another turnoverist being discovered to agree with him—no less a man than John o' London—the two co-operated. They would write their six hundreds upon their chosen subjects, change over, and proceed afresh with what to the readers were conclusions, but to the writers new beginnings. It sounds delightful—as a theory.

The *Globe* did not consume all his energies. In 1897 he launched out into a new and important line of his activity, the provision of literature for the small fry. His "Book of Verses for Children," published in that year, first brought his name before the general public, and led to many succeeding little volumes, *virginibus puerisque*, and to some larger ones, like "Anne's Terrible Good Nature" and "The Slowcoach," which, as books for children, have this disadvantage, that they are so usually in the hands of fascinated grown-ups that the rightful perusers go tearful and empty away. Mr. Lucas's own poems for children are delightful. What small boy doesn't

love "The Railway Men" and "The Conjuror" with its delicious last line! His touch in composition is as certain as his taste in selection. As much as anyone he has helped to remove the blight of "moralizing" from literature for children. To youngsters and grown-ups alike he is the apostle of healthy enjoyment.

Five years after the Bernard Barton book came "Charles Lamb and the Lloyds," which brought us again into the world of literary Quakerdom, and gave us such treasure of price as a score of new letters by Lamb and three by Coleridge, together with many fresh lights on the palpitating revolutionary days when, according to the *Anti-Jacobin* (imaginative in this if in no other sense):

Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd and
Lamb & Co.,
All tuned their mystic harps to praise
Lepaux.

The labor of compiling these two volumes naturally gave Mr. Lucas a very intimate acquaintance with the life and correspondence of Lamb; and so the task of preparing a complete edition for Methuens fittingly devolved upon him. The first volumes appeared in 1903, big, scarlet-bound, white-labeled books, now replaced, in a later re-issue, by a much smaller and more companionable set. There is something to be said for both sizes.

The edition supersedes all others. It is as complete as can be. It is Lamb with all his flavor, not Lamb mitigated (for instance) by the parsonical delicacy of Canon Ainger. It treats Charles and Mary quite properly as a "binity," as a two in one. They are inseparable in such things as the "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Mrs. Leicester's School"; to separate them in the Letters (the usual practice) and omit Mary's illuminating correspondence is to leave half the tale untold.

It gives, in the appropriate places, full descriptive references to letters excluded by restrictions of copyright. It employs pictures in a specially helpful way, not as possible adornments, but as necessary notes on the text. It is annotated throughout with humor and sympathy and with none of the frigid detachment affected by academic and semi-official commentators. Its crown and completion is an excellent biography, full of just the kind of information (much of it quite new) that lovers of Lamb desire, and informed, too, by just the right spirit of enthusiasm and comprehension. This "Life of Lamb" contains one of Mr. Lucas's very finest essays. When I compile a "Best of Lucas" to match his own "Best of Lamb," the first thing I shall include will be Chap. XIV, entitled "George Dyer." So much for the Lamb, upon which I have dwelt with some formality because it is Mr. Lucas's *magnum opus*, the charm of all his other *opera* being that they are so delightfully not *magna*. The public, by the way, have identified Lucas and Lamb in a way highly complimentary to Mr. Lucas the editor, but probably infuriating to Mr. Lucas the author. The worst of doing one thing very thoroughly is that you are not allowed to do anything else. True, the public like Mr. Lucas to write, as well as to edit; but its stupider members, who cannot get on without labels, insist on calling him a disciple of Lamb or even an imitator of Lamb, thereby proving that they can read neither Lucas nor Lamb, and probably cannot read anybody with intelligence. To find a likeness between the conversational simplicity of Lucas and the elaborated Gothic beauty of Lamb needs extraordinary obtuseness. The easy ripple of Lucas and the gyratory complexity of Lamb's digressions, progressions, retrogressions and circumgressions may be cited together for opposition, but

for no other purpose. Moreover, there is such a thing as difference of scale, of plane, of intensity. Really, the comparison is too silly to discuss. The lunatics who call Lucas an imitator of Lamb are the kind of people who call Lamb "gentle."

Among Mr. Lucas's admirable achievements must be placed the invention of a humanized guide book. The usual book of this kind is either negatively dehumanized or positively priggish. One has the impression of earnest people painfully admiring what they are told to like and dutifully despising what they are told to dislike. Now the "Wanderer" volumes are remarkable for their absence of hortations and prohibitions, and their sense of wholesome personal enjoyment. They are utterly without pretense. They are not hectic even about the Primitive; they are rational even about the Renaissance. Mr. Lucas seems to be the only person who can write of Giotto without affectation and of Giorgione without preciosity. And the point is that these books are, in consequence, much more educative than all the ecstasies of the rapturous, who, in the end, do little more than transpose pictures into prose-poetry, a transmutation of which the bad pictures are often more capable than the good. In the best sense of the phrase, Mr. Lucas takes you with him; and, wandering in his friendly, healthy company, your range of enjoyment is so broadened that you will see beauty not only in the dome of Brunelleschi but in the steeples of Christopher Wren. The "Wanderers" are all excellent. They are good to travel with and good to sit at home with. Some day Mr. Lucas should travel in the realms of gold and give us a "Wanderer in Shakespeare." But I hope he has not done with the merely bodily wanderings.

The Anthologies form a specially

delightful group among his works. Here, too, he is his own man, for there is nothing quite like a Lucas anthology. Their secret is that humorous, cheerful "human-ness" that cannot be kept out of any book he issues. Most anthologies are prepared by serious students whose standard is a lofty ideal of purely literary excellence. Some are prepared by the precious for the prigs. The result in any case is that too many of them are stiff and frigid with propriety. They leave out much that makes literature humane. I turn to one anthology of prose, and find the compiler quite seriously committing himself to the assertion that, "some writers, as Sterne, have no literary style at all, or at best it is bad!" There is more truth in this than the author intended. Very few great writers have "any literary style at all." Literature is never literary; it is the imitations that are so literary. Sterne is certainly not literary as Mr. Arthur Symonds is literary. Dickens had "no literary style at all, or at best it was bad," when he wrote Mr. Weller's letter to Sam or the account of the swarthy at Bath; he reserved his literariness for the death of Paul Dombey or the scene in which Florence "forgives" her step-mother. Far be it from me to depreciate in the least so many golden treasures amassed by diligent students and critics; I merely want to suggest that the purest gold may be, as Midas found, too bright and good for human nature's daily food. The defect of abstract literary perfection inflexibly applied as a standard is that, in the humanest of arts, it will pass what is faultily faultless, icily null, and reject what is quaint, or racy, or popular, or moving, upon suspicion of vulgarity. I think, for instance, of the volumes we know as "Ward's English Poets," an admirable compilation for which I have a sentimental fondness, so much did it

teach me in those happy days when all the world of books lay like a great adventure before the eyes of youth. Not lightly would I speak ill of so old a friend! Now in Ward the note is almost aggressively literary, as you would expect from a selection sent out with the pontifical blessing of Matthew Arnold. It never unbends. The treatment of Mrs. Browning is significant. Whatever of hers may perish, the "Cry of the Children" will almost certainly endure; but the critic responsible for Mrs. Browning does not include it; it is not purely literary. Even more astonishing is the case of Thomas Hood, who appears in Ward under the patronage of Mr. Austin Dobson. His tombstone tells us that he sang "The Song of the Shirt." For most of the world he did; but he did not sing it for Mr. Dobson, who omits it, as he does, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and every one, yes, every blessed one, of those delightful humorous poems with their inspired and almost tragic puns. That is how fear of vulgarity serves us; that is what happens when we expect all literature to move to the tune of "Water Parted" and the minuet in "Ariadne."

This is a long digression, but I trust it is not irrelevant; for the whole beauty of the Lucasian anthologies of men and women and letters and town and country lies in this, that they emerge from that narrow trench of profound literariness and give us hearty things, and wholesome things, and jolly things, and comical things, as well as what we too strictly call beautiful things. They give us, in fact, things excellent of their kind (and therefore beautiful) even if, perhaps especially if, the kind may harrow the little souls of untensured highbrows. Think how much poorer we should be without those cookery receipts, or the letter about Ram Chunder's interior economy, or the

sailor's intensely reiterated request for pigtail! Such things are real additions to the stock of harmless pleasures. Turn, then, for varied delight to the anthologies of Mr. Lucas. They are precious, indeed, though not such as the Bunthornes would call precious. They are refreshment distilled by a healthy enjoying man for healthy enjoying people.

Rather outside the groups we have considered are such books as the "Highways and Byways in Sussex," the amusing account of Miss Seward, and "The British School," a companionable little guide to the lives and works of our earlier native painters. The matter of the last is delightful, but its prose is not the author's best.

There remain the essays and novels, increased just lately by "Cloud and Silver" and "The Vermilion Box," that is, the pillar-box, an appropriate title for a story told in letters. Indeed, the names of Mr. Lucas's books are forty-and-four sweet symphonies; he has a positive genius for pleasant and intriguing titles. The novels, or entertainments, have the thinnest of plots and depend mainly upon quaint characters and current interests on which they serve as a humorous and really illuminating commentary. Future historians of social life in our generation will be able to learn much from Mr. Lucas. The characters are sometimes real people. Lacey, for instance, in "London Lavender," appears again as Uncle Ben in "Landmarks" and still again, under his own name, as Samuel Drewett in "London Revisited." Those who remember what Uncle Ben was to Rudd Sergison can measure the debt of E. V. Lucas to Samuel Drewett. It is a tribute to the author's skill in character drawing that I instantly recognized Mr. Avon of "Landmarks" as a dear old Shakespearean scholar with whom, on occasions all too few, I tramped many

pleasant miles of country, listening to his eager and inspiring talk about the poets he knew and loved so well. In those days I was preparing a little volume of Wordsworth, and fancied I knew something about him. That delusion did not survive a mile or two of Mr. Avon. By a strange coincidence my final experience was almost the same as Rudd's. I neglected for some time to redeem the promise of another tramp, and, calling, found that he was dead. The reader should turn from "Landmarks" to the paper called "A Funeral," in "Character and Comedy." It describes the burial of the old scholar.

The character and comedy of life are Mr. Lucas's theme in nearly all the entertainments, whether stories or essays. Think of Mr. Ingleside's group of friends, of Miss Larpent and her epistolary injunctions, of Mrs. Washington Pink and her esoteric protégés, of Alf Pinto and his crucial name. The author's keen sense of idiosyncrasy in character is just his one point of affinity with Elia. Lucas, like Lamb, has an eye for the Sarah Battles and the George Dyers; I doubt, however, if Lamb would have been interested in Sister Lucie Vinken; but who can say; did he not love Quakers?

Very rarely does Mr. Lucas take us to the brink of tragedy; and he never plunges us into its depths. His pen is happier with life's little embarrassments than with life's greater ironies. In fact, his books have one essential quality of entertainments: they entertain. That is their *differentia*, and their value. It is good to be reminded in terrible times that life is not always terrible. The cloud upon the silver is sometimes all too visible; should we not rejoice, then, in a writer who shows us the silver of the cloud? In the Lucasian land it seems nearly always afternoon; but what a blessing to have

this way of escape from the times when it seems nearly always ten o'clock on a foggy night and the way home lost.

To overpraise a writer so entirely unaffected, so pleasantly unmomentous, would be an insult which no one would resent more than he. The moving accident is not his trade. He does not vaticinate; he has never set up for a prophet; and he goes upon his personal and literary way unparaphrased. Indeed, there are few writers of his enviable standing who have more sedulously shunned advertisement. His record is as clean as his art. The name of E. V. Lucas does not instantly occur to the mind when one counts up living writers of national importance. His work seems too slight to carry much weight. However, for my own part, I am inclined to think this slightness part of his real strength. His force lies in the fact that he is never forcible. The pleasant unruffled temper of his work is a national asset by being a national example. We have fallen not merely upon evil days but upon very evil tongues. Our vociferous patriots are poisoning the air with their papers and their placards, their whirlwind scares every day and their exposure of treasons every week—they began in 1914, you remember, by discovering concrete gun-emplacements under all the tennis courts. Sometimes one is tempted to despair of a country so gullible, so avid of *canards* concocted in the interests of circulation. But Lucas intervenes. He shows us the proportion of things, and reminds us that the silliest way of treating silly people is to take their

The Bookman.

silliness seriously. I do not know of any antidote to war-depression so healthy as "The Vermilion Box," with its picture of sane, wholesome, lovable people, young and old, going on in their quiet way, living, working, loving, fighting, dying, undeterred by the George Wistons and the Sir Caxton Plumbes with all their scares and shrieks and wails. To read such a book is a national duty as well as a personal delight. It will take you safely through all the poison gas of our native Reventlows.

Read Lucas, then, for pleasure and profit. There is plenty of him, and that plenty remarkably homogeneous. Through all his books, various as they are, runs the same happy strain, delightful, heartening and unforced. Almost the finest compliment we can pay him is to say that he is the last man we should call "clever" or "brilliant." A sentence describing one of his own characters can be applied with special justice to himself:

He seemed to see everything, and always to find something that communicated a pleasure which he in his turn must communicate to another. That, perhaps, was Uncle Ben's most remarkable quality, the desire to share whatever he enjoyed.

In this communication of enjoyment he diffuses sanity, humor, grace, manners and all the pleasant wholesomeness of life—national assets never more valuable than now. When in the gloomiest of times you are trying hard to be a philosopher, turn to Lucas, and cheerfulness will come breaking in.

George Sampson.

PREACHERS.

At Wiltwater religion plays an extraordinary part in the life of the people. It takes the place of the news-

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paper, the novel, the historical romance; it is the medium of social intercourse; it is the basis of quarrels

and astounding reconciliations, love-making and marriages, comedies and tragedies. The real interest of Wiltwater village in life is religious. It is through the medium of religion, or shall we say phases of religion, that the village looks at the world. The religion exhibited is not entirely a good thing. It is as replete with jealousies, with fierce argument, with hate and scorn as that of any third-century church. But it is a real thing. There is no sham about it. And reality covers a multitude of sins. The folk *believe*; believe wrongly very often; but belief outweighs a pyramid of false doctrine. Some people who believe nothing have the theory of religion cut and very dry; these villagers who believe everything have twenty theories of religion, all mostly wrong. But the Christian verities they believe with all their being, and though the belief is rusted with all manner of human weaknesses, still the fires of life burn away the rust, and the Christian residual products remain. This, no doubt, sounds fanciful to town dwellers who are regular in their devotions while a great multitude surrounds them to whom Christ and Christianity are little more than names in devotion, in life, in reality. That is not the way of Wiltwater. In that village religion, and the quarrels of religion, affect the entire population, including the babies. There is no apathy. It is a tremendous business; all other business is secondary, even the very serious business of looking after visitors in the golden days of summer. The only thing that has competed with religion is the Great War, and that they regard as part of the eternal religious question, as indeed it is. Town dwellers little realize the significance of religion in a life lived very near to nature and very close to the fundamental realities of seed time and harvest. Town dwellers speak sometimes with scorn of the

laziness of country rectors and vicars, of the crudity of country Nonconformity, of the absence of organization, of eloquence, of religious outwardness. Perhaps there is some truth in some places in all this. The vicar sometimes gets so immersed in rural somnolence that he forgets his flock in some measure or another. But the man would never have been a good pastor anywhere, and it is probable that he does less harm in the country than anywhere else. The chapel or chapels sometimes, too, go to sleep or become political, and forget their duty. Not so the people at large. If religion is denied them they take the business in hand themselves; at least they did so at Wiltwater, and, in fact, it has been the fashion of English country folks in all ages; in the age of Wyclif and his followers, in the age of Puritanism, in the age of Wesley, and in this age when new sects are ever appearing and disappearing, reflecting the thought of the cottage theologians. English religious movements were never in their origin town movements. They found their source, their inspiration, their organization in village, remote village, life. It is so today; it will be so tomorrow, and it is for that reason, among many reasons, why it is so important to secure a movement back to the land, an emptying out of the great cities to the land where reality dwells, and God is visible in everything. The faults of country life are chiefly due to want of interest in life in districts where the profound interest in religion has been killed, and nothing has taken its place; where the evil aspects of town life have drifted through without the compensations of town life. It is in such districts that the crime which is reflected in the records of the assize towns takes place. It is again for this reason so important that the return to the land should be accompanied by a return to religion,

by a new vitalizing of religious faith, by the multiplication of pastors and preachers who are in touch with reality.

No doubt the closer organization of religious life is as necessary in Wilt-water as elsewhere; the rector is old, his only curate (his wife) is old too. It is difficult for the old man to get about. He is a scholar, and loves his books; and, as age creeps on, loves his study more and more, sitting by the fireside with this or that classic, that or this Father of the Church, or wrestling with Newman as he literally wrestled at Oxford sixty-five years ago. And his wife has seen her children go out into the world till only one daughter, herself almost middle-aged, is left. Her life is in the letters of the men and women who are in the circumference of things; her children who are in India, in Egypt, the doers or wives of doers of great things. Her pride is her life, and her each day is colored by the letters that she receives and reads to her husband and daughter at breakfast. She has her sorrows, for not all have succeeded in life. One unhappy marriage in a fashion mars all; one unsuccessful son, the apple of her eye, is the perpetual shadow. And she is too old to work. The home-dwelling daughter is sometimes rector and curate at once. She lives largely, too, in the triumphs of her brothers and sisters. She is proud of the family, and her own life is lost in theirs. But the Church life goes on, and, though thinned in volume, it still holds on to reality. The Sunday sermon is begun on Friday night. It is a stately address. It is based on Newman's country sermons. It is listened to with respect by those who do not understand it. It has always a Greek quotation in it; it would be lost without it. The boys who are now Admirals and Generals would have been miserable without it, though they understood nothing

of it. It was the remote coping-stone of a stately building that they never entered, but which nevertheless was part of their consciousness. Who will deal with these sermons when Mr. Battle—inappropriate name—is dead. There they are, neatly packed away in bundles; there must be fifty bundles each containing not less than sixty sermons, each representing a week-end of scholarly toil and delivery. They are models of calligraphy, orthodoxy, morality, and each has a passage from a Greek Father or a Greek Tragedy. If they are burned at the stake in the Vicarage garden they will burn for days; the column of smoke will hang like a pillar of cloud in the air for days, and will be a pillar of fire by night. Perhaps it will be the best end for them, a kind of modern version of that slaying of slaves which followed the death of a great chieftain in order that their souls should accompany his to Valhalla. In the same fashion the noble souls of these sermons would accompany the upward flight of the soul of Philip Battle himself, released from his cure of souls, his body lying, ashes like to the ashes of his sermons, in the quiet churchyard where once Wyclif, where once Wesley preached. But that is not yet. The Rev. Philip Battle, D.D., sometime Fellow of a certain College, has lived into the New Age which his silent influence has helped in its sincere but unobtrusive kindly way to build.

Mr. Battle never had been troubled about the spiritual condition of the village; he felt sure that it was all right at the heart. It was true that dissent, sometimes in the most alarming forms, had rent the village not only in twain, but into fragments. The indignation of Mrs. Battle and of Miss Battle was always as fresh as new-made butter on the subject; but that was not the way of Mr. Battle. He held Bossuet's views as to

dissent, that dissent by its very nature tended to infinite variation, and could not therefore in the long run withstand solid, not to say stolid Catholicism. Moreover, he was good friends with the Dissenters. He always affirmed over his post-prandial pipe that they were better Christians than he, though lacking, sadly lacking, in discipline. The independent preacher, a carpenter who swayed the moor as no man since Wesley had swayed it, was a great friend of his. He affirmed that in doctrine, setting aside the questions of organization and discipline, he was absolutely sound. "It is my dear," he said to his wife one winter evening, "in my humble view the greatest proof of the divine character and source of our religion that Mr. Samuel Miles should, without study of the Fathers, be perfectly sound on questions of extraordinary complexity over which I have spent sixty years without being as intellectually convinced as I might be. Mr. Miles has no doubts, no difficulties. I was with him the other morning while he was making a coffin for poor old Mrs. Bolt, and he threw more light on the doctrines of Predestination and Works than ever I found at Cambridge. I said to him, 'Miles, it is necessary that I should die before you.' 'Why? Mr. Battle,' said he, wiping the sweat from his great forehead with a red calico handkerchief. 'Because,' I rejoined, 'if you do not survive me there will be nobody with an appropriate frame of mind left to make me a coffin.' The old man chuckled and said, 'I always do the work with a sense of satisfaction. Though the poor body do be useless old thing on death, it do be hard worker all those long days o' life, and do demand reverence and, craving your pardon, sir, prayer. So I do make my coffins prayerfully.'" Miss Battle was furious. "I really think, father, that this is a most

unpleasant subject, and how you can talk to Mr. Miles on any subject I cannot imagine." "Well, my dear, I rode over there to see Mrs. Bolt, and was too late." Mrs. Battle changed the subject tactfully, and soon the family were immersed in the doings of the Battles by sea and land.

Sam Miles was indeed a wonderful man, and the Vicar knew it, though he never saw him on his Sunday task. The Chapel at Wiltwater, is a bare, color-washed, oblong building, with little attractiveness. Sitting on the back bench of all, near the little swing door at the southwest corner, one sees two rows of benches, unpromising benches, with a passage between. By the north wall is a very necessary stove. Opposite, on the south side, is a harmonium. At the east end (to use an Anglican phrase) is a very tall pulpit, and the preacher by day is outlined against the east window. Lamps are affixed to the walls, and their warmth is welcome this Sunday evening. On the desk in the pulpit is an enormous Bible. The preacher seems vastly above us all. The congregation which has gathered in little chatting groups take places that seem familiar to them. Here a farmer and his wife; there a group of lads; here two or three farm hands. Most of the girls are in the choir near the harmonium. Gradually the chapel fills, and as the eye grows accustomed to the faces it becomes plain that they are, many of them, faces that were in the old Parish Church this morning. The rector has two churches far apart, and the other church has his service and his sermon with suitable variations this evening. The local preacher in his pulpit seems somehow terribly remote. He recalls that figure in early Elizabethan tragedy that stood above the scene in a sort of recess or alcove, and, personating the Almighty, delivered at the end of

each scene appropriate comment on the moral significance of it, as in that famous play, *A Looking Glass for London*. He is an old man, with a great gray beard, a vast forehead, and great bald head, with bushy eyebrows and keen penetrating eyes. After Bible reading and impromptu prayer, and various hymns sung with thrilling heartiness to a sturdy harmonium, the preacher reads a passage from the Old Testament and begins his address. He knows his people, he knows their weakness, their strength, their pettiness, their faith. Moreover, he knows each soul there personally; knows the struggles, the tears, the laughter, the joy, the toil of each life. His seems a stern unbending personality. He seems to brood over the little chapel like an accusing being:—

For this commandment which I have commanded thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in Heaven, that thou shouldest say, who shall go up for us to Heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it? But the Word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it. See, I have set before thee this day, life and good, and death, and evil.

The tremendous Mosaic exhortation lost none of its greatness in the mouth of this stern orator; for that he was and nothing less. He began his discourse in remoteness from his congregation. He made them feel that he was set apart and delivering to them the very message of God. He told them the cause of the message in the ancient days in the wilderness. "And are not you, too, set in the wilderness. Be not this a wilderness, a beloved wilderness"—the thrilling deep voice trembled—"in which you dwell? Whither go ye? Go ye like sheep, like lambs, those lambs ye lose, astray? Lost in the wilderness, in the fern

and the rock and the torrent under pitiless skies and piercing winds, are your lambs too oft in winter and spring. Be you like they be, be you?"—and the voice grew more familiar—"be you like they, like the poor Hebrew folk who knew not the way? Be ye lost"—the deeper note again—"in the ferns of heedlessness, the rocks of intemperance, the torrents of sin, the tempests of remorse, lost, lost, lost?" Then again he came down to the human level. "Ye do know the heavens above the moor. They do be high heavens. Shall I or any man go there for thee? Ye do know the sea beyond the moor. Shall I or any man cross that for thee? Nay, my friends, but I have walked in here ten miles this winter morning to tell you where you will get the help you need. God gave you arms and legs to toil with. Do you use them?" The men and women smiled quietly. "Ay, I know you use them. God gave you a mind to see how to use them. Do you use it? Ay, I know you use it. But God gave you more than a hand and a mind. He gave you a heart to keep the Word in. Is it there? Can you hear it, read it, say it, do it?" Then the old preacher proceeded from the general to the particular, and with humorous illustration brought the doctrine of conscience and faith into relation to every age and type present in chapel; hints of personal knowledge of the congregation that hit true to the hearer without giving the fact away to the rest, drove home the argument. With rhythm of voice, with penetration of thought, with illustration of the homeliest kind, he made the people see that each one of them was the arbiter of his or her own fate, that the Word was with them; and then carrying on the doctrine of the Word into its New Testament significance, he made the choice of Life and Death the choice of free will, the choice or

rejection of Christ. Never once did he lose the attention for an instant of one of his audience. "The only fear was lest he should make an end." These words spoken of one of Bacon's great orations were absolutely true of Sam Miles's address. The end came all too soon, and, with singing and the blessing, the service ended. But there was for one or two hearers more to follow. While most of the congregation melted away to re-argue the sermon by warm firesides, one or two lingered, and presently they were joined by the preacher. This man, who had seemed so vast and overpowering in the pulpit, was in reality a little man, but in a moment in conversation the sense of overpowering determination doubled his height and girth. He came up to the stranger, and, holding out his hand, said, "Your face is strange to me. You are welcome here. Tell me about yourself. Come, I am walking up the hill to the farm, where I sleep tonight. Walk with us." Such an invitation was not to be lost, and soon we were breasting the stern hill in the moonlight. Few men over eighty could have such physical powers. Smiting the ground with his great stick, he strode on, and began elaborating and embroidering his sermon. "We need, sir, never to lose touch with English freedom. Men and women must choose. It is better to be damned by choice than by necessity. It may be bad theology, but it is good human common-sense that men should freely choose. Even if they choose wrong, the very fact of freedom will help their children, when schooling is better, to choose right. But still this freedom, if carried too far, is, I admit, a cause of weakness. You do not know these people like I know them. Criticism is in their bones, and a harsh people in a way. Doctrine is in their bones. They will fight over the soundness of

Wesley's doctrine in the kitchen while cooking the meat. They are liable to be led away by false doctrine. They are always watching for new doctrine, new gods, so to speak, like the Athenians of old. There is a new sect in the village within these five years. They meet behind closed doors, and talk nonsense enough. In their doctrine they miss the feast. They take words for reality. That's where rector do come in." The old man, pausing, dropped into vernacular. "It do fret I this peering for new gods. This do be where rector do come in. He be no manner o' preacher, but he do have the doctrine solid, and give it them solid week by week. It do be dull, dreadful dull, but it do be sort o' steadyin' stuff." The old man laughed. "It do need all manner o' sorts to make the Church o' Christ. But when you do zee old man in surplice ride on old horse down the hill, three mile, to church Sunday morning, you do zay to you, this do be serious business; and it be serious, too, in that old church, where our folk have been married and buried through hundreds o' years. The very dust be our dust. Then I do come now and again in evening and wake folk up. I be not dull, and I do know the fireside o' the farms in way rector knows nothing of."

We were at the top of the hill at last. The moon shone out over the moor, and in the mystic winter light the farmsteads shone coldly; but distant windows gave here and there the human touch of light and warmth that makes the mystic and the man akin. "It do be wonderful land and wonderful people," said the old man, "but they do need teaching and more laughter. They be a free folk, but a rebellious people and a bitter people. They must choose life. What are we doing to help them?" We turned into the lane, through the wood, to the

farm, and soon were in a circle that the old preacher mesmerized into merriment with his tales of old time, and his visions of a joyous land. He carried no preaching into the farm, *The Contemporary Review.*

but entered into the very life of the folk, their hopes and fears, their pains and joys. So on the morrow when he departed early in the morning, he left behind him new light and new endeavor.

J. E. G. de Montmorency.

FIGHTING STRENGTH.

The fighting strength of the three batteries of a Brigade of Field Artillery, at the time of the First Expeditionaries, totaled 18 guns, 18 officers, and about 650 non-commissioned officers and men. You might remember those figures, or when you have finished the reading of this tale just refer back to them.

The Brigade was posted before the action opened in a cornfield which lay on the banks of a canal, and the guns were "concealed" behind some of the innocent-looking stooks of cut corn which were ranged in rows along the field. It was the Brigade's first action, and every officer and man waited with expectant eagerness for the appearance of the enemy. On the other side of the canal there was a wide stretch of open ground, but to the gunners it appeared too good to be true that the enemy would advance across that open and give the guns a chance of sweeping them off the earth with shrapnel. At some points tongues and spurs of thick wood ran out towards the canal, and it was rather through and under cover of the trees that the artillerymen expected the enemy to try to press in on the front which ran roughly along the line of the canal. Such an advance would not give the guns so visible and open a target for so long a time; but, on the other hand, there was still an open space between the nearest parts of the woods and the canal bank, and if the attack were confined to the approaches through the woods it meant

that the guns could concentrate on a much narrower front, and there was never a gunner of them there but believed his own battery alone, much less the whole Brigade, capable of smashing up any attempt to debouch from the woods and of obliterating any force that tried it. Nevertheless, all their training and teaching and manoeuvres and field-days of peace times indicated the woods as the likeliest points of attack, because it had been an accepted rule laid down in peace—and there were plenty of men in the batteries who remembered the same and very much sterner rule laid down in the South African War—that infantry could not, across the open, attack entrenched positions held by infantry and covered by artillery.

On the whole, the Brigade were very well satisfied with the look of things, and having taken careful ranges to the different points of the probable targets, with special attention to the wood edges, uncapped a goodly number of fuses, given a last look to the mechanism of guns and gear, put some finishing touches to the cunning arrangement of corn stooks, they lit pipes and cigarettes and settled down comfortably to wait developments.

The developments came rapidly but being at first more or less after the expected routine as laid down in their teaching, the Brigade were not unduly disturbed. The first fire of the enemy artillery was, as far as the Brigade

could see, not particularly well aimed, and although it made a great deal of noise and smoke appeared to be doing little harm to the infantry trenches, and none to the artillery behind them. Presently the men watched with great interest, but little realization of its significance, a gray dove-winged shape that droned up out of the distance across the line, swung round and began a careful patrol along its length. But after that the shells commenced to find the infantry trenches with great accuracy, and to pour a tremendous fire upon them. The Brigade listened and watched frowningly at first, and with growing anger and fidgetings, the screaming and crashing of the German shells, the black and white clouds of smoke that sprang so quickly up and down the infantry lines before them. They were at last given orders to fire, and although at first they were firing at an invisible target, the gunners brisked up and went about their business with great cheerfulness. All along the line the other British batteries were opening with a most heartening uproar that for the time filled the ear and gave the impression that our guns were dominating the situation. That, unfortunately, did not last long. The German rate and weight of fire increased rapidly, until it reached the most awe-inspiring proportions, and it began to look as if the British infantry were to be smothered by shell-fire, were to be blown piecemeal out of their scanty trenches, without being given a chance to hit back.

The Artillery Brigade whose particular fortunes we are following had, up to now, escaped quite lightly with nothing more than a few slight casualties from chance splinters of high-explosive shells that had burst some distance from them.

But suddenly the gunners were aware of a strange and terrifying

sound rising above the thunder-claps of their own guns, the diminishing whinny of their own departing shells, the long roll of gun-fire on their flanks, the sharp tearing crashes of the enemy shell-bursts—a sound that grew louder and louder, rose from the hissing rush of a fast-running river to a fiercer, harsher note, a screaming vibrating roar that seemed to fill the earth and air and sky, that drowned the senses and held the men staring in amazement and anticipation of they knew not what. Then when the wild whirlwind of sound had reached a pitch beyond which it seemed impossible for it to rise, it broke in a terrific rolling c-r-r-r-ash that set the solid earth rocking. One battery was hidden from the other two by a writhing pall of thick black smoke, out of which whirled clods of earth, stones, and a flying cloud of yellow straw. When the smoke dissolved, and the dust and straw and chaff had settled, the other two batteries could see a gun of the third overturned, the gunners rolling or limping or lying still about it, an odd man here and there staggering from the other guns—but all the rest of the gunners in their proper and appointed places, the five remaining guns firing one by one in turn as regularly as if on a peace practice. The Brigade had been introduced to something quite new to it, and that it certainly never expected to meet in open field of battle—a high-explosive shell from one of the heaviest German pieces. But unexpected as it was, more terrible than the gunners had ever imagined, there was no time now to think about such things. The German infantry attack was advancing under cover of their artillery, a crackling roll of rifle fire was breaking out from the infantry trenches, sharp orders were shouting along the lines of guns. There was a pause while fuses were

set to new times, while fresh aim was taken and new ranges adjusted.

"Target, infantry advancin'—open sights . . .!" said one of the gunlayers in repetition of his orders. "But where's the bloomin' infantry to get my open sights on?"

"Where?" shouted his Number One, and pointed over the layer's shoulder as he stood up to look over the gun shield for a wider view. "Can't you see 'em there? 'Ave you gone blind?"

"That" said the layer, staring hard. "Is that infantry?" He had been looking for the scattered dots of advancing men that were all his experience had told him to see of an advancing line. He was quite unprepared for the solid gray mass that he actually did see.

"That's infantry," snapped his sergeant. "Did you think it was airy-planes? Get to it now."

The layer got to it, and in a few seconds the whole of the Brigade was pouring shells on the advancing mass as fast as the guns could be served. The Battery commanders had a vague idea that the enemy infantry had made some terrible mistake, had in error exposed themselves in mass in the open. When the guns had brought swift retribution for the mistake the mass would vanish; but meantime here was the gun's opportunity—opportunity such as no gunner there had ever hoped to have. But when the mass persisted and pushed on in the teeth of the fire that every one knew must be murderous beyond words, the rate of gun-fire was slowed down, and the batteries set themselves deliberately to wipe this audacious infantry out of existence.

But then suddenly it began to look as if it were to be the Brigade that would be wiped out. A number of German guns turned on it, battered it with heavy high-explosive, lashed it with shrapnel, rent and tore, and

disrupted it with a torrent of light and heavy shells, a scorching whirlwind of fire, with blasts of leaping flame, with storms of splinters and bullets. One after another guns of the Brigade were put out of action, with guns destroyed or overthrown, with ammunition wagons blown up, with gun detachments killed or wounded. Gun by gun the fighting strength of the Brigade waned; but as each gun went the others increased their rate of fire, strove to maintain the weight of shells that a Brigade should throw. The guns that were destroying them were themselves invisible. To the Brigade there was no movement of men, no tell-tale groups, no betraying flash even, to show where their destroyers were in action. It is true that the Brigade spent no time looking for them, would not have spent a round on them if it had seen them. Its particular job had been plainly indicated to it—to stop the advancing infantry—and it had no time or shells to spare for anything else.

But grimly and stoically though they took their punishment, gamely and desperately though they strove to fulfil their task, it was beyond them. The gray mass was checked and even stopped at times, but it came on again, and at the guns the ranges shortened and shortened, to a thousand yards, to eight, seven, six hundred. After that it was a hopeless fight, so far as this Brigade was concerned. Most of their guns were out of action, their ammunition was nearly all expended, they were under a rifle fire that scourged the guns with whips of steel and lead, that cut down any man who moved from the shelter of his gun's shield. Such guns as were left, such men as could move, continued to fire as best they might at ranges that kept getting still shorter and shorter. No teams could bring up ammunition wagons, so the rounds

were carried up by hand across the bullet-swept field, until there were no more rounds to bring.

Since they were useless there, an attempt was made to bring the guns out of action and back under cover. It failed when after a minute or two half the remaining men had been cut down by bullets, and the commanders saw that nothing could move and live in the open. Then the order was passed to leave the guns and retire the men as best they could. That was at high noon, and for the next two or three hours the gunners tried in ones and twos to run the gauntlet of the fire and get back to cover. Some tried to crawl or to lie prone and wriggle out on their bellies; others stripped off bandoliers and haversacks and water-bottles, some even their jackets and boots to "get set" like runners in a hundred-yard dash, crouching in the shelter of the gun shield, leaping out and away in a desperate rush. But crawl or wriggle or run made little odds. Some men went half the distance to safety, a few went three-quarters, one or two to within bare places of cover; but none escaped, and most went down before they were well clear of the gun. The few that from the first refused sullenly to abandon their guns, that swore amongst themselves to stick it out till dark if necessary and then drag the crippled guns away, came off best in the end because they lay and crouched under the scanty cover the guns gave, and watched the others go out to their deaths. They lay there through the long dragging hours of the afternoon with the bullets hissing and whistling over and past them, with the shells still crumping and crashing down at intervals, with the gun shields and wheels and steel wagon covers ringing and smacking to the impact of bullet and splinter, with one man here and another there

jerking convulsively to a fresh wound—his first or his twenty-first as the case might be—groaning or cursing through set teeth, writhing in pain, or lying silent and still with all pain past.

Late in the afternoon there came a lull in the firing and a lessening of the bullet storm, and the order—a very imperative order—was passed for every man who could move to retire from the guns. So the few whole men came away, helping the wounded out as best they could; and even then they would not come empty-handed, and since they could not bring their guns, and they knew it was a retirement from the position, they stayed to collect the gun fittings, crawling about amongst the disabled pieces and shattered carriages, with the bullets still hissing and snapping about their ears, throwing dust spurts amongst their feet, whisking and swishing through the scattered corn stooks. They brought away the sights and breech mechanisms and sight-and-field-clinometers, and every other fitment they could carry and thought worth having (and in that they were even wiser than they knew, for in those days such things as dial-sights were precious beyond words, and once lost could scarcely be replaced). And laden down under the weight and unhandiness of these things—the breech fittings alone weigh some forty pounds, and make a most unpleasantly awkward thing to carry—the handful of men left in each battery doubled laboriously out across the field and into comparative safety. At the cost of persistent attempts and some more men a gun was also man-handled out.

The battery that had salvaged its gun brought it safely through the Retreat which followed the action. The other batteries had to be content to keep their pitifully scant ranks

together and stagger wearily over the long miles of the great Retreat lugging their cumberstone breech-blocks and dial-sights and gun gear with them. They clung at least to these as the outward and visible sign of being Gunners and the remains of Batteries, and they marched and hung together, waiting eagerly and hopefully for the day that would bring new guns to them and reserves to "make up the strength."

An unknown General passed them one day where they were halted by the roadside for what one of the gunners facetiously called "inspection of gun-park an' stores." And "just see all the batteries' guns is in line an' properly dressed by the right," he added, with a glance at the one gun left to them.

"What—er—lot is this?" asked the General of the officer who was "inspecting."

"The Umpty-Noughth Brigade, Field Artillery, sir," said the officer; "Umptieth, Oughtieth, and Iddyeth Batteries." (It may have sounded pathetically ridiculous, but it was no more or less than the bare truth; for it was as units and batteries that these remnants had marched and hung close together, and, given new guns and fresh drafts, they would be batteries and units again. After all, it is the spirit of and as a unit that counts.)

The General looked at the drawn-up ranks of the batteries, the gun detachments represented by two or three men, or by one man, or by an empty gap in the line; he saw the men gray with dust, with torn clothing, with handkerchiefs knotted at the corners replacing lost caps, with puttees and rags wound round blistered feet—but with shoulders set back, with

heads held up, and steady eyes looking unwinking to their front. He looked, too, at the one gun, scarred and dented and pitted and pocked with splinter marks and bullet holes, at each little pile of breech-blocks and sights and fittings that lay spread out on handkerchiefs and haversacks and rags in the place of the other guns; and he noticed that dirty and dusty and dishevelled as the men might be, the gun parts were speckless and dustless, clean and shining with oil.

The General spoke a few curt but very kindly words to the officer quite loud enough for "the Brigade" to hear, saying he remembered hearing some word of their cutting up and the fine finish they had made to their fight, congratulating them on the spirit that had held them together, wishing them luck, and hoping they would have their new guns before the time came to turn and hit back and begin the advance.

"I hope so, sir," said the officer simply; "and thank you."

The General saluted gravely and turned to go, but halted a moment to ask a last question. "How many of you—how many of the Brigade came out of that show?" he said.

"Only what you see here, sir—one gun, one officer, and fifty-three men," said the officer.

You may remember what was the full fighting strength of a Field Artillery Brigade; but you must also remember that there is another sort of "fighting strength," greater far than mere numbers, the sort of strength that this poor shattered remnant of a Brigade still held undiminished and unabated—the stoutness of heart, the courage, the spirit that made the old "Contemptible Little Army" what it was.

Boyd Cable.

TO STEPHEN LEACOCK.

(*Professor of Political Economy at McGill University, Montreal, and author of "Further Foolishness" and other notable works of humor.*)

The life that is flagrantly double,
Conflicting in conduct and aim,
Is seldom untainted by trouble
And commonly closes in shame;

But no such anxieties pester
Your dual existence, which links
The functions of don and of jester—
High thought and high jinks.

Your earliest venture perhaps is
Unique in the rapture intense
Displayed in these riotous Lapses
From all that could savor of sense,
Recalling the "goaks" and the glad-
ness

Of one whom we elders adored—
The methodical midsummer madness
Of Artemus Ward.

With you, O enchanting Canadian,
We laughed till you gave us a stitch
In our sides at the wondrous Arcadian
Exploits of the indolent rich;
We loved your satirical sniping,
And followed, far over "the pond,"
The lure of your whimsical piping
Behind the Beyond.

Punch.

In place of the squalor that stretches
Unchanged o'er the realist's page,
The sunshine that glows in your
Sketches

Is potent our griefs to assuage;
And when, on your mettlesome charger,
Full tilt against reason you go,
Your Lunacy's finer and Larger
Than any I know.

The faults of ephemeral fiction,
Exotic, erotic or smart,
The vice of delirious diction,
The latest excesses of Art—
You flay in felicitous fashion,
With dexterous choice of your tools,
A scourge for unsavory passion,
A hammer for fools.

And yet, though so freakish and dashing,
You are not the slave of your fun,
For there's nobody better at lashing
The crimes and the cant of the Hun;
Anyhow, I'd be proud as a peacock
To have it inscribed on my tomb:
"He followed the footsteps of Leacock
In banishing gloom."

THE CANINE PSYCHE.

I had a pup, of that most fascinating yet most self-willed kind, the Sealy-ham terrier, and we lived together in conditions which made it imperatively necessary that he should learn the hard lesson of refraining from the pursuit and retrieving of the golf ball. Therefore I took him out to school, that is to say, to the lawn, and there I trundled the golf-ball before him in such a way as to arouse all the worst hunting instincts of his sinful little soul, and rebuked him fiercely when he attempted to indulge them. We did

not make much progress—original sin was too inveterate in him—until it happened once that, having the golf club in my hand and he dashing in and snatching the ball almost before it had left the putter, I grasped the club by the head, and, aiming a blow at him as he fled, ball in mouth, caught him a very great deal more heavily than I had the least intention of doing on his hinder-parts. Very sure am I that it hurt me far more than him, for he was hardly both of soul and body, but the feel of the relatively big stick

going so home on his small carcass gave me a thrill of pity for him. He hardly yelped, but he dropped the ball incontinently. And as things turned out, that blow, so greatly more severe than I had meant, was the kindest ever given him. It happened that it was almost the first time he had taken the ball fairly into his mouth, and from that moment, and forever, it was manifest that the rolling white thing which we call "golf ball" was closely associated in his mind with a formidable pain upon his lumbar vertebrae. From that time forth he dreaded the golf ball, as an engine in itself of evil potency. It was not any act of his, such as a chase after the ball, but the very ball itself, which he associated with the punishment. I think that the incident illuminated my mind, with a flashlight into the operations of his, as vividly as it informed his own.

If only the other animals were psychologists, which there is much reason to believe they are not, they might extract high entertainment from the very diverse views held by human psychologists of their mental operations. About an anecdote in my father's book on "Dog-breaking," Mr. Darwin writes, in "The Descent of Man," "Colonel Hutchinson relates that two partridges were shot at once, one being killed, the other wounded; the latter ran away, and was caught by the retriever, who on her return came across the dead bird; she stopped, evidently greatly puzzled, and after one or two trials, finding she could not take it up without permitting the escape of the winged bird, she considered a moment, then deliberately murdered it by giving it a severe crunch, and afterwards brought away both together. This was the only known instance of her ever having willingly injured any game." Mr. Darwin also, in the same connection, quotes an in-

stance given by Mr. Colquhoun, in "The Moor and the Loeh," in which two wild ducks were brought down, winged, on the opposite side of a stream from the shooter. The retriever swam across, and "tried to bring both over together, but could not succeed; she then, though never before known to ruffle a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and returned for the dead bird." Mr. Darwin's comment on the two cases is that, "Here" (that is to say, in the instance given by my father) "we have reason, though not quite perfect, for the retriever might have brought the wounded bird first and then returned for the dead one, as in the case of the two wild ducks. I give the above cases as resting on the evidence of two independent witnesses, and because in both instances the retrievers, after deliberation, broke through a habit which is inherited by them (that of not killing the game retrieved), and because they show how strong their reasoning faculty must have been to overcome a fixed habit." I have (as who has not?) so deep a reverence and admiration for Mr. Darwin that I feel it almost an impiety on my part to criticise any statement of his. A great deal of modern comparative psychology was only made possible by the vast work done by him in demonstrating the facts of evolution. One of the results of that study has been to throw rather a different and, as we hope, rather a clearer light on what are still, nevertheless, the exceedingly obscure corners of the mentality of animals other than man. There have been many careful and clever investigators of the problems. To mention British names, and but a select few of them only, we have Professor Romanes, who may be said to have out-Darwined Darwin in ascription of a share of the human reason to the lower creatures; we have his keen critic and opponent, Dr. St. George

Mivart, and we have Mr. Hobhouse and Professor Lloyd Morgan holding something of a middle opinion between the two extremes represented by Romanes and Mivart respectively. Mr. Hobhouse sees more of deliberate purpose in the actions of animals, notably in apes and monkeys, lower than man, than Professor Lloyd Morgan would probably concede, and certainly more than would be admitted by Dr. Mivart; but assuredly not even Mr. Hobhouse himself would go nearly the length of Mr. Darwin in the comment quoted above on the act of my father's dog. "Here we have reason, though not quite perfect, because," etc. The implication is that in the other instance, that of the two winged wild duck, a reasoning operation was carried out perfectly. It makes an enormous claim.

Professor Lloyd Morgan is very insistent, and as I think, is very right in so insisting, on what we might call a maxim of parsimony to be applied in the study of such questions as the above. I mean that we should be very chary and grudging of ascribing to any act of an animal a higher degree of mentality than it absolutely demands. If the act is to be explained by the operation of a lower faculty, we must not ascribe it to a higher. Darwin, who wrote before the days of that modern study of comparative psychology which his own genius made possible, paid no heed to any such caution; but if we apply this admonitory maxim to such instances of canine intelligence as the above, we may be able to see quite a different significance in them. I know nothing, of course, more than what is open for all to read, about the act of Mr. Colquhoun's retriever, but I have often discussed with my father the very similar performance of his dog. And I, being a firm believer in this law of parsimony applied to the doings of the other ani-

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mals, put it to him whether it were not possible, and likely, that the dog, after an attempt or two to retrieve the two birds together, had given way to an impulse of irritation, had crunched his teeth, in that moment of temper, on the offending struggler, and so, incontinently, had found for the problem a solution which had all the appearance, to the human onlooker, of being rational. That was my own interpretation, and my father was not at all disposed to be dogmatic in opposition to it. He quite admitted that it might have been thus that the seeming act of reason was performed. As for the "deliberation" attributed to the act, he was perfectly ready to concede that this might have been an illusory appearance, at the distance from which the whole drama was witnessed; and, as a matter of fact, a dog's scrunch of its quarry is usually done rather slowly. It is not a snap and let go. The dog seems to have learned that a rather slow and sure squeeze is more safely fatal. And, finally, we may note that the "scrunch" is, after all, only a return to the natural instinct of the dog—the original sin which has been broken out of him by training him. In studying the doings of the animals we often find an impulse, which has been checked from its normal expression, finding an outlet in another direction; and it looks much as if here, when the impulse acquired by training could not be gratified, owing to the activity of the winged partridge, the older impulse reasserted itself, and in a momentary obedience to the primitive call of the wild the dog gave its quarry a deadly grip, after the manner of its ancestors. But how highly entertained that good dog must be if, in some other plane, he has been translated into a psychologist, and is studying the poor and various attempts of us human psychologists to diagnose his psyche.

Horace Hutchinson.

THE POWER OF THE PURSE.

We must all rejoice that the new War Loan has been successful, as Mr. Bonar Law tells us, beyond the expectation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is still premature to speak of totals; but it is expected that at least £700,000,000 of new money have been lent to the Government by the nation. That is an achievement, in which, if we look upon it as a national effort, we may indulge a reasonable satisfaction. And yet to be purse-proud is the most ignoble of human failings, and it would be dangerous, too, to suppose that length of purse is a guarantee of victory. It is necessary also that the money be used to the best advantage and with the greatest possible economy. A full purse might even be a snare to an extravagant Administration, and it might tempt an easy-going country to forget that a war is won not with gold only but with iron. At our present rate of expenditure, the vast sum now raised will not last us four months; that is a consideration which should make all concerned the more determined to husband every penny and to prevent even at this late hour the reckless extravagance which has been used to cover our sad lack of national forethought and preparation. One way to do this would be to reverse the process of centralization and multiplication of departments, staffs, and offices which have been proceeding at a headlong rate since the beginning of the war. We are persuaded that a large proportion of these staffs and even whole departments are unnecessary, and that there is much work directed from London which might quite well be left to those immediately concerned.

It is reported from Stockholm—not a source to be implicitly trusted—

that the German Government means to ask the Reichstag for a new war credit of £750,000,000, and that further taxes are to be raised from railways, coal, and excess profits. We need not accept these predictions, but it is more dangerous to despise the financial power of our chief adversary. The Germans have built upon a sound economic system, a system based upon production, which we may praise with the greater freedom, as it was borrowed by Germany from England when the new German Empire was being built. There was a time when England nourished and protected all essential manufactures, not chiefly to give her wealth, but to give her security in time of war. That policy raised England to greatness and gave her the Empire of the world. We abandoned that policy in favor of cheapness, with the result that we are now short of many commodities necessary to our safety. And it is this shortness, this lack of certain essentials, this neglect of a national policy, which is the chief cause of our vast expenditure, and gives to Germany her greatest advantage. There are other factors which should be borne in mind. Germany is exploiting by slave labor the mineral wealth of Belgium and the north of France. She is working the richest seams and lodes of coal and ore without any regard to the economy of mining, and she is using this ill-gotten wealth to pay for the food which she is receiving in vast quantities from Holland and Scandinavia. She is thus able in great measure to get along without gold—a consideration too much forgotten by those in this country who have hoped to defeat Germany by draining her of her gold. Such facts as these should not leave us despondent, since the re-

sources of the Allies, thanks to our sea-power, are still far greater than Germany's; but they should warn us that we cannot afford to waste a penny or to relax an ounce of our efforts because we have succeeded in raising this vast sum of money.

Nor should we, because we can raise money, neglect any means of raising revenue by taxation. We see reports of further limitation of imports by the Government. This policy of prohibiting or limiting certain imports is an inheritance from the late Government which we had hoped the new Ministry would revise. It is both wasteful and unsound. It does the maximum of injury to our trade with the minimum of advantage to the State. It is wasteful of freight because it denies to the ship-owner many opportunities of filling up many spaces with valuable cargo of small bulk, and it has uncalculated and incalculable effects upon various trades which are important from a revenue point of view. But it is chiefly wasteful because it destroys what should

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be utilized—a valuable source of revenue. The natural and sensible way of limiting imports of luxuries is by putting a high duty upon them. The high duty automatically decreases the importation by increasing the cost, and at the same time yields a revenue to the Treasury. It is not such a dislocation of trade as prohibition, since, where the article is essential, it may still be obtained, and it dislocates trade very much less, since a duty is a condition the effect of which is well understood. We may be told that it is impossible to organize a Customs staff for the collection of these duties; but we have excellent reason to believe that there is no good ground for this plea, and that a tariff might be brought into operation without any very great difficulty. This question of tariff will have to be faced sooner or later, and the sooner it is faced the sooner will our traders be relieved from the present intolerable uncertainties of the prohibition policy, and the sooner shall we be given a new and fruitful source of revenue to supplement our present resources.

GERMANY'S LESSON TO AMERICA.

We have somewhere seen an American cartoon which depicts the grades of interest in the European War passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The Atlantic men are shouting and gesticulating. The Nearer West is alert and a little anxious, the Middle West, if we remember right, is reading its paper with its back turned to the East, and the Far West is lounging in an armchair contemplating the illimitable Pacific. Proximity counts for so much in the realization of war. The Atlantic coast is next in the firing line, so to say, to ourselves. The neutrality of the West reflects a detachment

due mainly to geography. But this neutrality has been rudely stirred by the publication of the latest German plan. We in this country have long been alive to the truth that not only all Europe but all the world is concerned in the issue of the war. Both the Middle and the Far West have now learned that the German Government has been careful to remember them, and has laid its own plans very thoughtfully for securing their direct interest in the world war. It is true that these plans were all contingent on certain action by the United States. But on what action? On a departure,

apparently, from neutrality. The position, then, as understood by Germany was this: that she was to proclaim a blockade of this country and of France which debarred the United States from her normal oversea commerce. If the United States should resent this and prepare to back her resentment by arming her ships, as she is in fact about to do, clearly this might lead to acts of hostility. In that case the German plan, prepared while Herr Zimmermann was recalling the old friendship of Germany and America and conducted through Count Bernstorff while still representing an outwardly friendly State at Washington, was to incite Mexico against the United States and, detaching Japan from her present allies, to launch her forces either upon the Pacific coast or on the Mississippi Valley. The Middle and the Far West may both feel themselves directly concerned. More has been done by Germany at a stroke to unite American opinion than could have been accomplished by months of Allied diplomacy, with all the resources of reason and all the pleas of humanity to back it.

We have heard a great deal in the past two years and a half about German efficiency and our own weaknesses, follies, and mistakes. We have certainly made our blunders, and have paid for them. But have we ever made blunders quite upon the German scale? Can our critics find any action of ours to compare—we do not say morally but politically—with the attack on Belgium or the miscalculation of the resisting power of France? It is too hastily assumed that unscrupulousness is the same thing as intelligent self-interest, and that any regard for other people's rights is a proof of simplicity. There have not been wanting critics of our own Government who have accused Ministers

of too great a tenderness for neutrals in the exercise of the blockade. If some of these critics had had their way they might have gone far to convince the neutral world that there was little to choose between the Allies and Germany. In neglecting the little element of right or wrong, justice or injustice, in a policy these critics deemed themselves models of patriotism and teachers of wisdom. Had they succeeded they would have put us out of court with the neutral judges, and the greatest of the neutrals would never have come into the position which it occupies today. As it is, annoyances incident to our exercise of sea-power are seen to be trifling compared with the ruthlessness of the methods by which the Germans challenge it. The world knows what British mastery of the sea has meant, and it knows now what German mastery of the sea would mean. That knowledge may well prove to be the balancing factor in the decision of the war.

It has not infrequently been argued that Germany was on the whole indifferent to the action of the United States. Some ingenious writers have even suggested from time to time that Germany positively wanted war—some said from the fantastic motive that her Government would then have an excuse for yielding gracefully to a united world, while others more plausibly urged that by concentrating on her own military preparations the energies of the United States might be diverted from the supply of the Allies. These tortuous interpretations of motive are very rarely sound. It is safer to take an enemy's policy as it stands and read it in its plain meaning. The intrigue with Mexico knocks on the head any supposition that Germany was indifferent to the hostility of the United States. She has risked it for a great stake. She hoped to

starve us out before the summer offensive, and above all before any hostile action by the United States, which she knew that she risked, could be made effective. Thus she made a big throw. On the one side was the possibility of early victory, on the other that of adding a new enemy to the circle around her. That the German Government realized the seriousness of this possibility is proved by the desperate precautions which they took to counter it. There is something grotesque in the supposition that they could pivot Japan upon Mexico. That they might detach an Ally from his loyalty and bring him to attack his own friends has to German political

The Manchester Guardian.

ethics nothing strange or improbable. We may gather from the incident something of the way in which they may be prepared to treat their allies when the time comes. But that they should have prayed Carranza in aid and conceived Japan following meekly in the wake of Mexico suggests a distracted state of mind. What Count Bernstorff thought of it all we can imagine. But for us the point of interest is the simple fact that the German Government were ready to clutch at such a straw. That they should have done so throws a strange light on the serene confidence which they express in the results of a submarine campaign.

AMERICA NEARING WAR.

Evidence grows that the United States will regard the murder of American citizens on the *Laconia* (now three in number, including the negro seaman) as an "overt act." It is difficult to see how it can be regarded otherwise, seeing its precise parallelism with the *Lusitania*, *Arabic*, and *Sussex* cases; and though the total of American victims in the first of these instances was on quite a different scale (120), that was not so in the other two. Germany is at the same time adding other provocations. The tone of the American Press is becoming very decided. The arming of American merchantmen will be taken in hand forthwith; and probably the question of providing escorts is not being overlooked. The German Chancellor's speech has removed any lingering hope that Germany might meet America halfway. If he were still his own master conceivably he might; but the policy of the Empire is no longer in his hands, or even in the Emperor's; the real powers there are

Hindenburg and Ludendorff. It is not many weeks since some of the most serious American papers were talking of Hindenburg's dictatorship as an evidence of the "liberalizing" of Germany. It was and is in reality the exact opposite; it means militant Junkerism in the saddle.

The debate in the Reichstag, which followed the Chancellor's speech, showed that all political parties there, except the Minority Socialists, endorse the sink-at-sight policy and adopt the belief that it will save Germany. The latter consideration makes them apparently indifferent alike to its intrinsic barbarism, to its provocation of America, and to the odium which it might bring upon the German name throughout the world after the war. Even Herr Scheidemann, the leader and spokesman of the Socialist majority, seems to share this indifference pretty fully. For such a moral iniquity to become nation-wide, even in Germany whose traditions have made her more susceptible to it than other

civilized lands, argues a very extreme pitch of national desperation. It is not out of keeping with this, that the spokesmen of the Conservatives and of the Catholic Center are still claiming that Germany must insist on war indemnities. As the fever rises, the policy of neck or nothing, world-empire or downfall, rises with it. If by the supreme stroke of wholesale sea-murder Germany could bring her adversaries to their knees, she would in her present mood wring from them with less mercy than ever the very uttermost farthing of her desires. We do not believe that she can; we believe that the submarine campaign is not only a stupefying crime, but a profound miscalculation. Yet in face of an enemy acting under such impulses neither the Allies nor, we may add, the present neutrals can afford to leave anything to chance. Germany's triumph at any period of this war would have set the clock of civilization far back. Her triumph, or even her escape from condign justice, at this period and by these methods would set it back furthest of all. The spirit expressed not only in the Chancellor's speech, but still more perhaps in those of the most influential German Parliamentarians who followed him, is one between which and civilization there can never be any truce.

An argument, with which men like the German Chancellor patch their
The London Chronicle.

logic and men like Herr Scheidemann their consciences, is that Germany is freed from all moral rules because her enemies are starving her. But the use of starvation by siege in war time is a method of universally admitted validity; and the Germans are the last people who are entitled to object to it, since the last great war which was decided by a "starvation-blockade" was one which they themselves won by this method. The siege of Paris in 1870-1 involved the cutting-off of supplies from a population of a million civilians of both sexes and all ages. No one could have asserted more uncompromisingly, both by speech and action, the lawfulness of carrying this pressure to its extreme than did the directors of German policy at that time. German publicists in time of peace never questioned the propriety of starving out Great Britain if they could; and in the early days of the present struggle Germany sank food ships bound for English and Irish civil ports long before we interfered with food cargoes for civilian Germany. But a method which was good enough for Germany to win by is not good enough for her to lose by. The attempt to represent her present siege as something novel and criminal in principle is simply a supreme example of the "heads I win, tails you lose" logic so dear to the Prussian mind.

THE SITUATION IN AMERICA.

That the Congress of the United States should have been ready to confer upon the President the powers for which he asked, with no more opposition than that of a small group in the Senate, does much honor to Congress and is a triumph for Mr. Wilson. The failure of the Bill to pass the Senate, due to the obstruction of Senator

Stone and his friends, representing the German-American element, is of no great importance. As we say in this country, the Bill was talked out. The sixty-fourth session of Congress was due to expire on Sunday at noon; and on Saturday the obstructionists began to monopolize the Senate. That Assembly owns no rules restrict-

ing debate; and towards the end of a session a few strong, persevering men can hold the floor one after the other until the clock strikes, thereby preventing a vote from being taken. Such were the tactics employed on Saturday and Sunday. The Bill came up from the House of Representatives, having been passed by an immense majority, and the majority in the Senate in its favor was equally decisive. As President Wilson observed, more than 500 of the 531 members of both Houses had declared for the Bill, which was, nevertheless, temporarily nullified. In this crisis there are two aspects of the situation to be considered: the measures to be taken by the Senate so to alter its procedure that the will of the nation can be enforced, and the action to be taken by the President should the Senate either delay or fail in its enterprise. But the second contingency is very unlikely to arise, inasmuch as the President has called a special session of the Senate to enable that body to purge itself of what, in effect, is a defiance of the people, in whom resides the source of authority.

It is probable that in the circumstances Mr. Wilson would be constitutionally justified in acting as he thought best for the good of the State without specific authority having been conferred upon him. The President is the executive head of the State, and is irremovable except by impeachment. But Mr. Wilson, in summoning a special session of the Senate, makes it clear that he has no intention of acting without the explicit sanction of Congress. The Senate which he has now called together is technically a new Senate, but in practice it is composed of the greater proportion of the old Senators, the balance consisting of Senators newly elected. A Senator is elected for six years, and one-third of the whole number retire every two

years. Members of the House of Representatives, which roughly corresponds to the British House of Commons, are elected for two years only. The next session of the House of Representatives will be composed entirely of members elected (or re-elected) in November last, and in the normal course of events it would not meet until December next. But the sixty-fourth session which has just ended was attended by the old members, who continue their work for three months after the new elections have taken place. The new members enter upon their duties in the present month, and it is within the competence of the President to call a session of Congress at any time. The President has no power to introduce a Bill, but he may recommend measures to Congress, by means of a written Message addressed to that body. He negotiates directly with foreign countries, but he cannot conclude a treaty in default of the approval of two-thirds of the Senate. It follows that a President may in fact bring about a condition of affairs, or have it forced upon him, in which war becomes inevitable, although the power actually to declare war is vested in Congress. These outlines of the American system of governance serve to exemplify with what scrupulous precision the President has observed both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution throughout the whole course of his troubled and difficult term of office, which ended on Sunday, on which day his second term began.

Mr. Wilson has also proved that, with all his tact and caution, he can act with instant resolution when occasion so requires. He severed diplomatic relations with Germany exactly at the right moment, when he had the country at his back and when the obtuse German least expected the blow. During the interval that elapsed

between the rupture and Mr. Wilson's demand for powers to enter into an armed neutrality the President was occupied in making sure of his ground. When it became clear that Congress solidly supported his policy, but that Congress was defeated by the trick of a few men, Mr. Wilson acted without an hour's delay. The same evening the President issued a statement conveying in the most vivid terms what is perhaps the gravest warning received by the American nation since the Civil War. He spoke of "a crisis fraught with more subtle and far-reaching possibilities of national danger than any other Government has known in the whole history of its

The London Post.

international relations." In the light of that decisive utterance the laborious explanations of Herr Zimmermann may be estimated at their true value. The German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs declares that in attempting to incite Mexico to enter upon a war of conquest against the United States he was merely taking precautions in case America should declare war upon Germany as measures of legitimate defense. Presumably Herr Zimmermann supposed that the United States would consider his case would be improved by his statement of it. He has now had her answer, or rather a part of it.

NEW POETRY AND THE OLD TRADITION.*

To read an accomplished artist's view of his own art is a rare privilege. The "Ars Poetica" of Horace—still one of the soundest manuals of literary composition—has had few followers. Criticism does not nowadays attract much attention—there is so much mere reporting and second-hand prejudice which goes under that title—but Mr. Watson's "plea for the older ways" should make an impression, for he is returning to a subject which is peculiarly his own. His excellent Muse, rich in the treasures of the great tradition, has already told us what he affirms here with a full and sharply pointed rhetoric which reminds us occasionally of Swinburne's prose. Did he not write of "Song's Apostasy"?

"When is the Muse most lustily acclaimed?
When she in paths not native goes astray,

*"Pencraft: A Plea for the Older Ways."
By William Watson. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net

There to disown her record if she may,
Deny her lineage, turn as one ashamed
From all she was, and all that once was
famed
To be her realm and birthright."

She should count it

"her glory to bestow
On man the things he is poor in, not
the things
Life spawns for ever with a rank
excess;
To teach him beauty and not
ugliness."

The title of "Pencraft" is apt, for "craft" means strength as well as skill, and in regions outside England, humbug as well as hard work. All these things come into Mr. Watson's discussion; but it is humbug that is chiefly dissected, and that license of form on which some of our latest poetical practitioners seem to pride themselves. Mr. Watson's new definitions of literature as cantative, scriptive, and loquitive do not strike us as particular-

ly happy; but his main thesis is strongly urged, and, we think, entirely sound. He protests that "literary" ought not to be a bad word, since the arts and devices it covers "are dignified and even consecrated by the admitted nobility of their ends." He protests against the neglect of English literature, "rich in monuments of a commanding potency and mastership," and he contends that, though the soul of literature is greater than its body, it is chiefly the splendor and glory of its body which beckon men to the splendor and glory of its soul. If we neglect the one, the other will decay.

Mr. Watson speaks as one crying in the wilderness; we do not really know who are, or pretend to be, the leading critics of today, but we think he will find support in some responsible quarters. The public, if it knows nothing about style, instinctively knows good form from deformity. It does not take easily to what it does not read easily, and not a thousand critics will make it read the esoteric prophecies of Blake to which Mr. Watson refers. In a time of violence revolutions are, of course, in fashion, but those who feel wise enough to lead them should see that they are "movements toward order, not toward anarchy." "*Poeta nascitur et fit*"; we repeat the maxim of Tennyson. The will in art does not count for more than the deed, and we are with Mr. Watson in not crediting work, just because it is under-made, with glimpses of something beyond human expression. Work that is over-made is equally unsatisfactory; but there must be enough making, enough of that fashioning in which the true craftsman should rejoice. America, says Mr. Watson, since she lost her hold on European tradition, has had a marked decline in literary prestige and power. She can boast now no single author "whose works are await-

ed as stirring events by a public at once intelligent and large outside her own borders." Yet she has a real and lively interest in the affairs of the pen. American poetry has a more provincial note than it had. Mr. Watson is quite right. That victorious democracy—victorious, indeed, not entirely by its own merit—has achieved many things that the world prizes, but not "the crowning glory and wealth of a golden tongue." By "tongue," of course, Mr. Watson means the language in use, and we think the fact which he does not mention, that Americans have a higher standard of public speaking than ourselves is no contradiction to his thesis. For in oratory America sedulously cultivates form and imitates classic models. The result has been not a deadening of originality, but an increase of ordered fluency, which makes the average English incoherence rather ridiculous. But it is from America that penmen have learned to use the squalid colloquialisms and baseborn neologisms that move Mr. Watson's ire today. As he says, the English language is a magnificent instrument. The pity is that so few people know its resources, or have trained themselves at all to its use. Some scribes of today remind us of the confident young man who, asked if he could play the violin, replied: "No; but I'll have a try at it." The professional may be too stunned by the hideous results to applaud properly the magnificent self-confidence which allows such an attempt to be made at all. But he should not go away resolved never to play again, since his instrument has been degraded. He should explain, as Mr. Watson does, what the true practice of an art means for a craftsman. He knows that the Muses have a finer freedom because they are the daughters of Mnemosyne, and that the old tradition strengthens and supports the new. Without it the

innovators might degenerate into that honest child would dismiss as unstrange form of beauty which an checked ugliness.

The Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. William Johnston's "Limpy" reveals the sad reason for its title to the observant reader, by its pictures, for, although the hero is quietly seated, his sad disability is evident in all Arthur William Brown's excellent pictures, but he is lovable in every way, and one heartily rejoices in happiness that comes to him when a successful operation deprives his nickname of its fitness, and leaves him capable of walking and running as well as the liveliest of his mates. He is a sweet-tempered, serious little fellow, but in no way priggish, and all readers, old and young, will find him an agreeable friend. Little, Brown & Co.

The extent of the influence of the Dutch on English thought and writing has never been adequately treated. Now comes Prof. T. de Vries with a handbook on this interesting subject, called "Holland's Influence on English Language and Literature." It is not a volume of light reading, or for consecutive reading even; for it enters thoroughly into the whole subject. It begins with Holland's influence on the study of philology and passes naturally from that to the words loaned from the land of the dykes to her sister across the water. As has been often noticed Hollandese is as much like English as like German. After this the Professor studies that influence in religion, poetry, fiction, history. He leaves nothing out, for at the end he sums up the books of famous English—even French—novelists in which the hero is a Dutchman. In short, he proves that, for thoroughness, the Hollander is the equal of the German. A careful,

learned, interesting, instructive work. C. Grentzeback, Chicago.

Into the confusion of modern *vers libre* comes Edna Dean Proctor with a book of verse, named after the first poem in it, "The Glory of Toil." The dignity of her form, the solemnity of her themes—for she sings of the day's work, of the Kingdom of Christ, of the reality of the Christian's hope for peace—the beauty of her classic words, makes her poetry a refreshing oasis in all the dusty desert of today's rhymeless, rhythmless, formless, slang-filled, outpourings. She has accepted many of the modern dicta, has cut out archaic phrases and poetic pronunciations, thereby gaining in freshness; but hers is the stately muse to whom we have grown accustomed after the centuries. She never apes Walt Whitman:

Whether they delve in the buried coal,
or plough the upland soil,
Or man the seas, or measure the suns,
hail to the men who toil!
It was stress and strain, in wood and
cave, while the primal ages ran,
That broadened the brow, and built
the brain, and made of a brute a
man.

Houghton Mifflin Company.

Just at the beginning of the war a new author, Michael Artzibashef, rose in Russia, and with "Sanine" took place among the sex-writers of his country, though the first to repudiate that classification, and declaring eagerly that he was merely a prophet of individualism, of each-life-lived-for-itself. Into the midst of his sermonizing dropped the thunderclap of war—and the man's whole view of life is changed.

His fanatical individualism now sees the hideous conflict all the more horrible because it destroys the individual for the sake of the state; but he is conscious of "a great deal of tragic beauty in it." In it "the man becomes that which he ought always to be—the tragic bearer of heroic ideals." Artzibashef has pictured all this in his drama "War." A family of the nobility, singularly happy and childlike, loses an only son, while the husband of a daughter has his legs shot off. The household is the plaything of the fates, and the drama has the high simplicity of the Greek tragedies. Thomas Selzer translates it into good colloquial English. Alfred A. Knopf.

The "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," which Mr. Frank Woodworth Pine has newly edited, and which Henry Holt and Company publish in an extremely attractive volume, profusely illustrated in color and in black and white by E. Boyd Smith, is one of the simplest and most ingenuous self-disclosures in literature. Begun as a letter to his son, added to at intervals during his long and busy life, and closing in a broken sentence shortly before his death, it is far enough from being a studied and self-conscious recital of personal, political and diplomatic achievements. But, by reason of its simplicity and directness, and the engaging manner in which it is written, it is the more valuable for the light which it throws, not only upon Franklin's career and personality, and the marvelous success of his large and varied activities, but upon the history of the times and the beginnings and extension of the national life in which he had so large a part. It was not until 1868 that the first authentic edition of the Autobiography was published from the original manuscript, edited by Mr. John Bigelow. It is upon that edition

that the present is based, with no changes beyond chapter divisions and titles. The editor and the publishers seem to have had young readers especially in mind, in preparing the book in this form, but readers, young or old, will find it a delightful book to browse through.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot's "A Layman's Handbook of Medicine" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is marked by the same clearness of statement and cheerful temper which made his "What Men Live By" so useful and inspiring. Some books of this class are written in so lugubrious and menacing a manner that the unhappy reader is led to feel that all sorts of maladies are threatening him, if not already in full possession of some vital organ. But this is not Dr. Cabot's way. He seeks to put the lay reader in possession of knowledge of human anatomy, and the relations and functions of the various organs, and then to describe for him the symptoms and to some extent the treatment of diseases which affect them. He does not offer his book as a substitute for professional attendance, but as a help to a better understanding of conditions which may call for it or may make it unnecessary. A large proportion of the maladies which afflict men are the result of causes which might have been avoided if the sufferers had had even a rudimentary knowledge of physical conditions. This knowledge Dr. Cabot supplies, with sufficient fullness of detail, but an entire absence of the merely technical or scientific. In the choice of subjects and the arrangement of material, he has had especially in mind the needs of social workers in their ministrations to the needs of the uninformed or unfortunate, but the usefulness of his book for this particular purpose does not diminish its value for the individual layman.

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